

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT-THE WEB

NO.
29

ZIP

COMICS

SEPT.
10¢





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

ZIP PROUDLY PRESENTS



1 THE WEB

AND THE MADMAN OF THE CROOKED CROSS
 NAZI BUTCHERS, YOUR DOOM IS APPROACHING -- MAYBE SLOWLY, BUT DOOM IT WILL BE. AS YOU WEAVE YOUR SKEIN OF TREACHERY, YOU WEAVE YOUR TRAP!

PAGE 3

2 STEEL STERLING

IN "THE LAUGHING DEATH"

HA, HA, HA, IT'S SO FUNNY. SO FUNNY! YOU'LL LAUGH..... UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD, IF YOU CROSS THE PATH OF THE LAUGHING DEATH KILLER!

PAGE 15



3 BLACK JACK

IN "SPADES ARE THE TRUMP OF DEATH"

AS FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS TO GIVE BLACK JACK A SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE!

PAGE 27



4 WORLD WONDERS

PAGE 38

5 WILBUR

WHO'S IN A SANDTRAP--WILBUR? WHO STRUCK OUT--WILBUR? WHO KICKED THE HORNET'S NEST? RIGHT! WILBUR.

PAGE 40



6 BLACK WITCH

THE CURSE OF DOOM

WHEN THE MISTS SHROUD THE WORLD IN A DANK, GHOSTLY FOG! WHEN THERE'S BLOOD ON THE MOON AND DEATH IN THE AIR, YOU'LL KNOW THE WITCH'S CURSE HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL!

PAGE 46



7 ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

THIS IS A TALE OF AN UNSUNG HERO!

PAGE 54



8 ZAMBINI

IN "THE SINGING DOLLS OF DEATH"

DOES MAGIC ALWAYS WORK? EVEN THE GREAT ZAMBINI HAD HIS DOUBTS WHEN HE NEEDED HIS MYSTIC SKILL DESPERATELY. MORE DESPERATELY THAN EVER BEFORE!

PAGE 61



The **KWEEB**



IN NAZI GERMANY, RELIGION IS TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT.. THE HOLY BIBLE IS PROFANED AND THE NAZI HORST WESSEL IS THE NATIONAL HYMN.. THIS STORY BEGINS IN "UNOCCUPIED" FRANCE WHERE THE NAZIS ARE SPREADING THEIR FANATIC INTOLERANCE..... THIS SCENE UNFOLDS..



PASTOR MICHEL, YOU HAFF DEFIED DER **FRENCH** AUTHORITIES! DEY HAFF **ORDERED** YOU TO STOP YOUR LYING SERMONS ABOUT RELIGION BEING FOR **EVERYBODY!** IT ISS ONLY FOR **ARYANS!** I GIFF YOU VUN LAST CHANCE TO **RETRACT!**



I CAN NEVER DENY THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN! IT WILL EXIST DESPITE THE BARBAROUS ACTS OF AGGRESSORS AND MADMEN?

DOT IS TREASON! YOU HAF INSULTED **OUR FUEHRER!** GUARDS! TAKE HIM TO THE PRISON!



HA! HA! CAPTAIN MURDER WILL TEACH YOU RESPECT FOR DER TEACHINGS OF DER NAZI RELIGION!

THE MOST BRUTAL AND TERRIBLE OF ALL NAZI PRISONS IN FRANCE..THE PESTHOLE RUN BY THE MONSTER, CAPTAIN MURDER.

I KEEP A WHIP TO SHOW THEM MY ADMIRATION. HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, HERR PASTOR?



MACH SCHNELL, HERR PASTOR!

WELCOME, HERR PASTOR, I HAVE A SPECIAL LIKING FOR MEN OF THE CROSS!



FOOL! I'LL BREAK YOUR SPIRIT BEFORE I'M THROUGH! I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU COULD CHANGE YOUR CROSS FOR A SWASTIKA..TAKE HIM TO HIS CELL!



INTO DER DUNGEON, HERR PASTOR! THE RATS AND LICE WILL KEEP YOU GOOD COMPANY!



OH, FATHER, LET ME BE STRONG IN MY HOUR OF TRIAL! LET ME BE WORTHY TO BE THY FAITHFUL SERVANT!



WHILE THE PASTOR PRAYS, A CROWD GATHERS OUTSIDE.. THEY KNOW THEIR BELOVED PASTOR IS A PRISONER.. IN THEIR TIRED, HUNGRY FACES THERE IS THE LIGHT OF ANGER AND DETERMINATION.

LET US SEE HIM!

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM, THEY'LL BE SORRY!



GIVE US BACK OUR PASTOR! YOU'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING ELSE FROM US! WE KNOW YOU'VE GOT HIM HERE!

THIS WILL SHUT YOUR MOUTH! GUARDS! FIRE INTO THIS RABBLE! CLEAN THEM FROM THE GATES!



A SAVAGE SLAUGHTER FOLLOWS AS DEFENSELESS MEN AND WOMEN FLEE FROM THE MURDEROUS HAIL OF FIRE.



THAT SOUNDED LIKE SHOTS! AND THAT PITIFUL SCREAMING!! MERCIFUL HEAVEN! CAN IT BE THAT...



SO! HERR PASTOR... I FIND YOU ON YOUR KNEES ALREADY! THAT IS GOOD! YOU CAN PRAY FOR THE SOULS OF THE IDIOTS WHO JUST DIED ON THE PRISON GATES! YOU'RE SUCH A HOLY MAN, HERR PASTOR!



THEIR LIVES WILL SOME DAY BE AVENGED! A DAY OF RECKONING WILL COME FOR TYRANTS WHO TRANSGRESS AGAINST THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN! YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES AS SURELY AS TRUTH AND RIGHT MUST PREVAIL!



BAH, YOU PREACHING SWINE!



THAT IS MY RELIGION, BOW DOWN BEFORE IT, HERR PASTOR! HA HA! ONE DAY YOU WILL SEE IT RULE THE WORLD!



WHILE IN AMERICA, THE OTHER END OF A WEB DRAWS TIGHT. JOHN RAYMOND IS INSTRUCTING HIS CLASS IN PSYCHOLOGY.. LITTLE DREAMING WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS.



THE CONFLICT BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL IS BASIC IN HUMAN NATURE. I CANNOT EMPHASIZE THIS TOO STRONGLY!

IN THE MIDST OF THE LECTURE ROSE RUSHES IN..

A LETTER JUST CAME FOR YOU, JOHN! IT'S FROM ARMY INTELLIGENCE!



John Raymond:
Your services are required for a mission of extreme importance.
Report at once
Quisiam!



CLASS IS DISMISSED!



I'M IN LUCK, ROSE! THE ARMY NEEDS ME! I MAY FINALLY TRADE THIS STUFFY CLASSROOM FOR SOME REAL ACTION!



WELL, THE LEAST I CAN DO IS DRIVE YOU DOWN! HOP IN!



HURRY IT UP, WILL YOU? I'M CURIOUS!

I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT USE THE ARMY CAN MAKE OF A PSYCHOLOGY PROFESSOR!

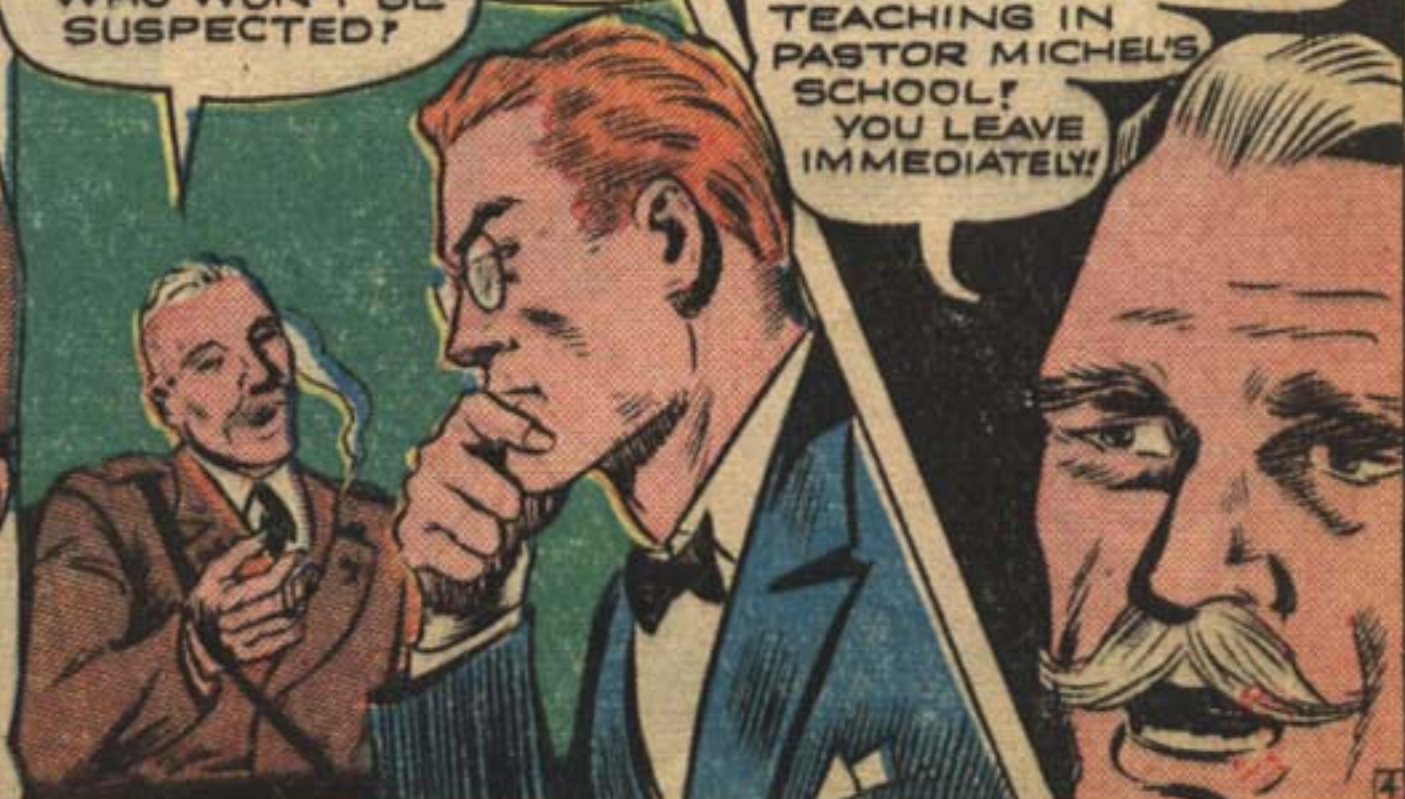


I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHY WE SENT FOR YOU, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!

I ONLY HOPE I CAN BE OF SOME HELP, SIR!



YOU CAN BE! SINCE WE WITHDREW OUR AMBASSADOR FROM FRANCE, WE'RE GOING TO NEED A MAN TO OBSERVE CONDITIONS OVER THERE! SOMEONE WHO WON'T BE SUSPECTED!



WITH YOUR TRAINING, YOU CAN BE ESPECIALLY VALUABLE IN ANALYZING THE MOTIVES OF THE CRIMINAL TRAITORS WHO NOW RULE FRANCE! WE'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO TAKE A JOB TEACHING IN PASTOR MICHEL'S SCHOOL! YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!



GREAT NEWS! I'M LEAVING FOR FRANCE AT ONCE! GOT A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING AT LAST!

I'M SO GLAD FOR YOU, JOHN!



THERE'S ONE THING YOU MUST KNOW! I'M GOING TO MISS YOU, ROSE!

I WISH I COULD GO TOO, BUT THIS IS A MAN'S JOB! I'M PROUD OF YOU!



YOU WILL COME BACK, JOHN, WHEN YOUR WORK IS DONE?

YES, ROSE, I'LL BE BACK AND I'LL HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO ASK YOU THEN!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, IN FRANCE...

MY NAME IS JOHN RAYMOND! I'D LIKE TO SEE PASTOR MICHEL!



PROFESSOR, EH? YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE THE COMMANDANT!



DER SCHOOL IS CLOSED. IT WILL BE BETTER FOR YOU TO GET OUT OF DER COUNTRY AT VUNCE! PASTOR MICHEL HAS BEEN IMPRISONED AS A SPY!



THAT'S TOO BAD! COULD YOU TELL ME, ER, JUST WHERE PASTOR MICHEL IS IMPRISONED?

DOT IS A SECRET!



BUT YOU CAN BE SURE HE IS WELL TAKEN CARE OF! GUTTEN TAG!



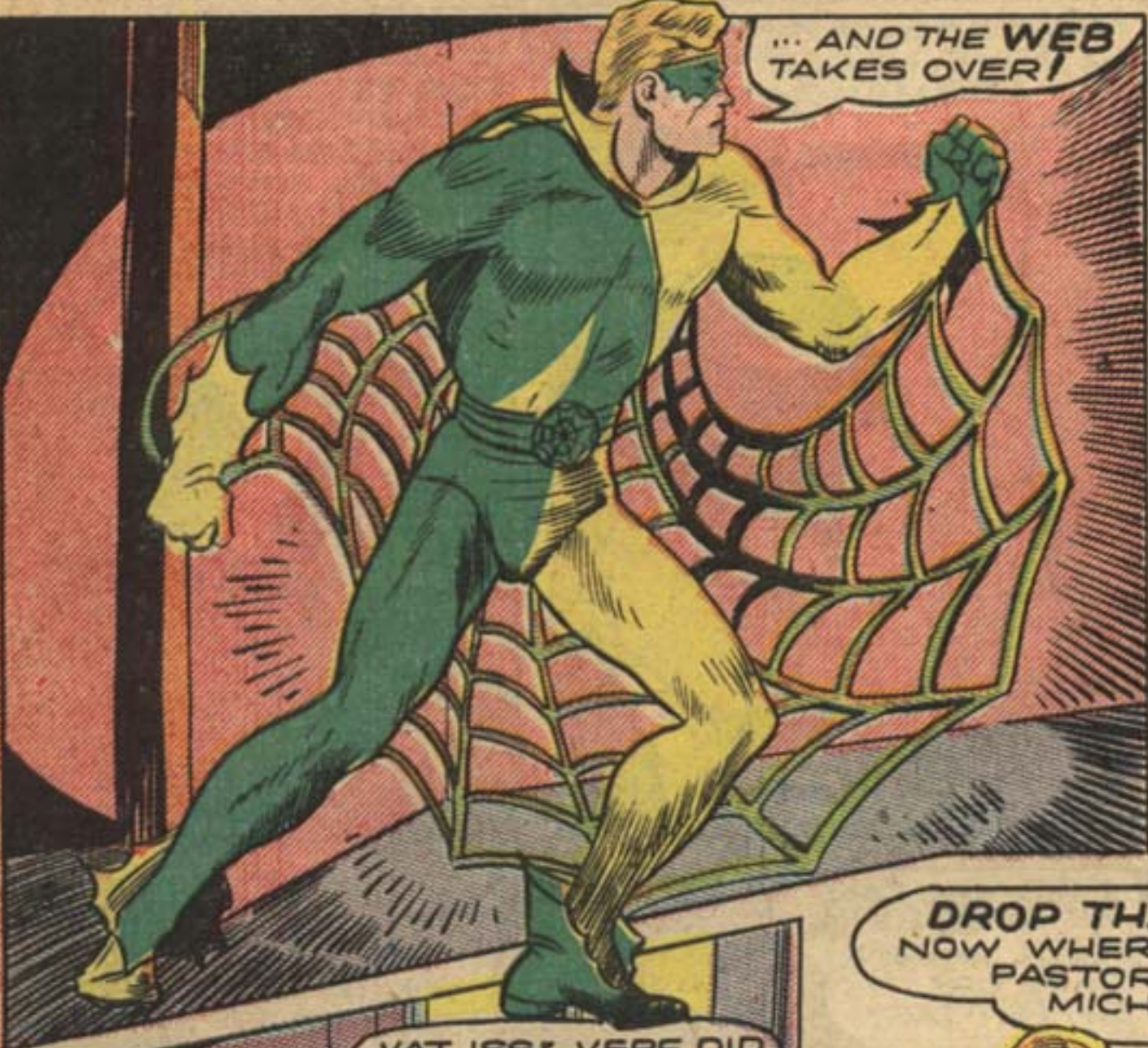
HMM.. THIS IS A SHOCK! THERE'S NOTHING IN MY ORDERS TO COVER A SITUATION LIKE THIS!

SO I'LL JUST START HANDLING THINGS MY OWN WAY! LIKE THIS!

ACH!

COME ALONG WITH ME, MY FRIEND! I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING INTO TROUBLE!

THERE! THAT SHOULD HOLD YOU! THIS IS WHERE JOHN RAYMOND LEAVES OFF..



... AND THE WEB TAKES OVER!

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT...



SOMEDING IS GETTING IN DER LIGHT!



VAT ISS! VERE DID YOU COME FROM?

DROP THAT GUN! NOW WHERE IS PASTOR MICHEL?

TALK OR I'LL..



NEIN! NEIN! I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL EFFERY THING!





HE ISS (GASP) AT WÖRMER!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!

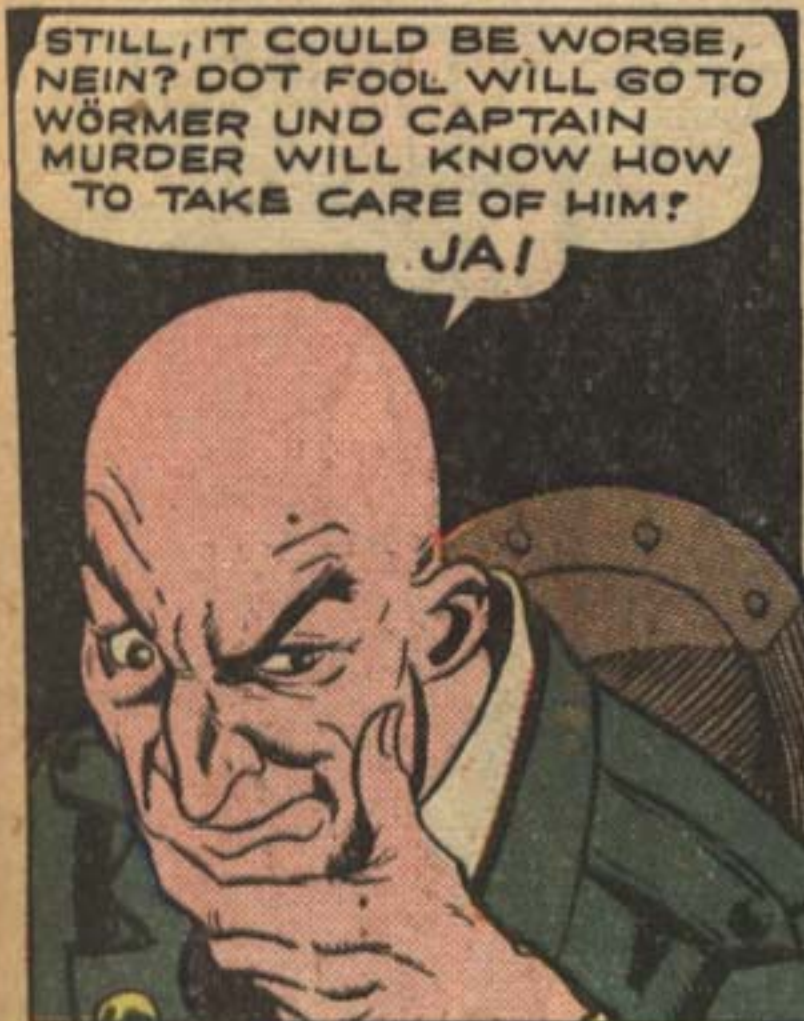


AS SOON AS THE WEB IS GONE, THE COMMANDANT SEIZES A PHONE..

ACHTUNG! TELL DER GUARDS TO SHOOT ANYONE TRYING TO GET OUT OF DER BUILDING!



DUMKOPFS! YOU LET HIM ESCAPE! YOU WILL BE SHOT FOR THIS!



STILL, IT COULD BE WORSE, NEIN? DOT FOOL WILL GO TO WÖRMER UND CAPTAIN MURDER WILL KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF HIM? JA!

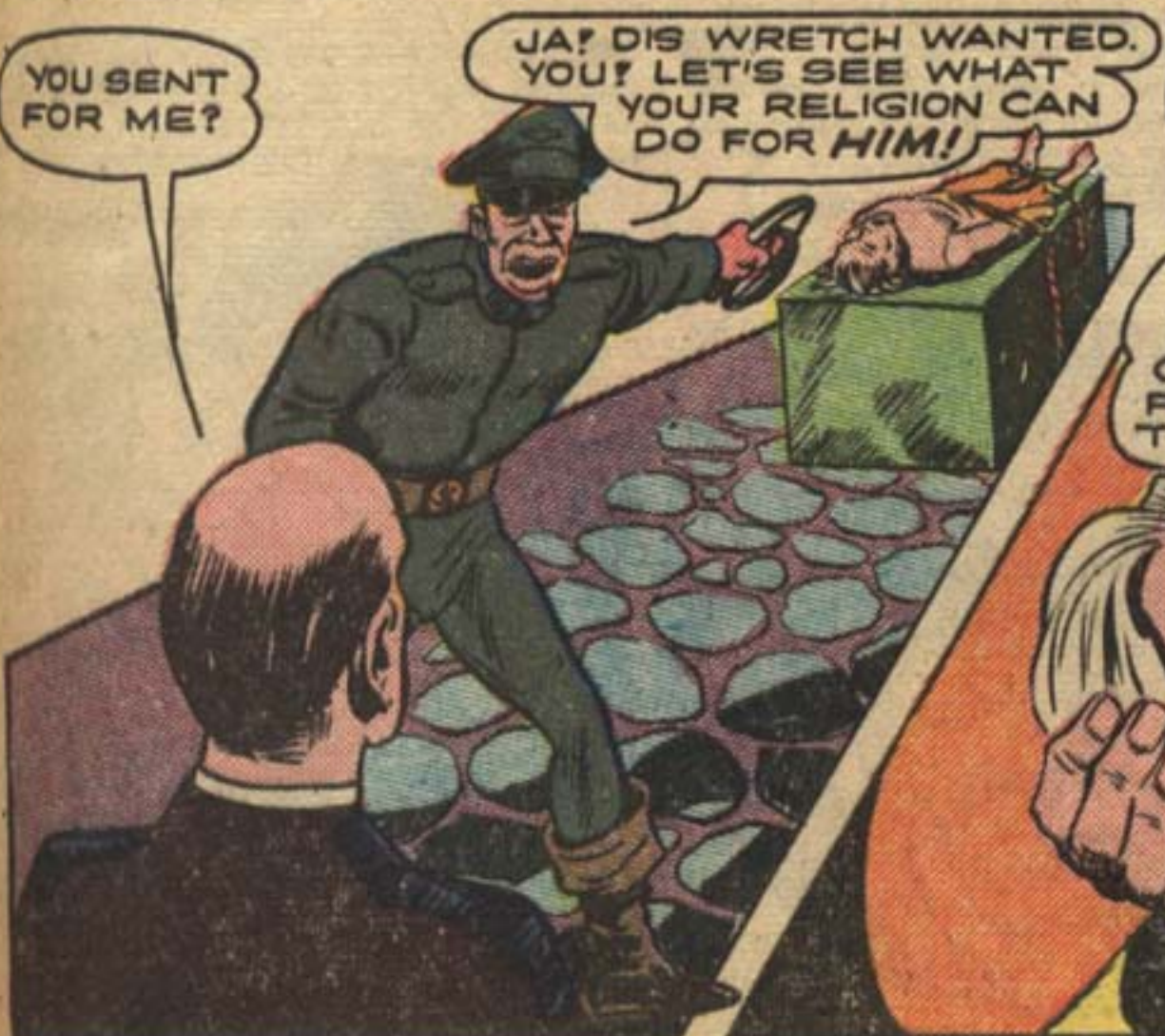


AT THIS MOMENT, CAPTAIN MURDER HEARS THE PLEA OF A DYING MAN IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

HAVE MERCY! SEND THE PASTOR TO ME! LET ME DIE IN PEACE!

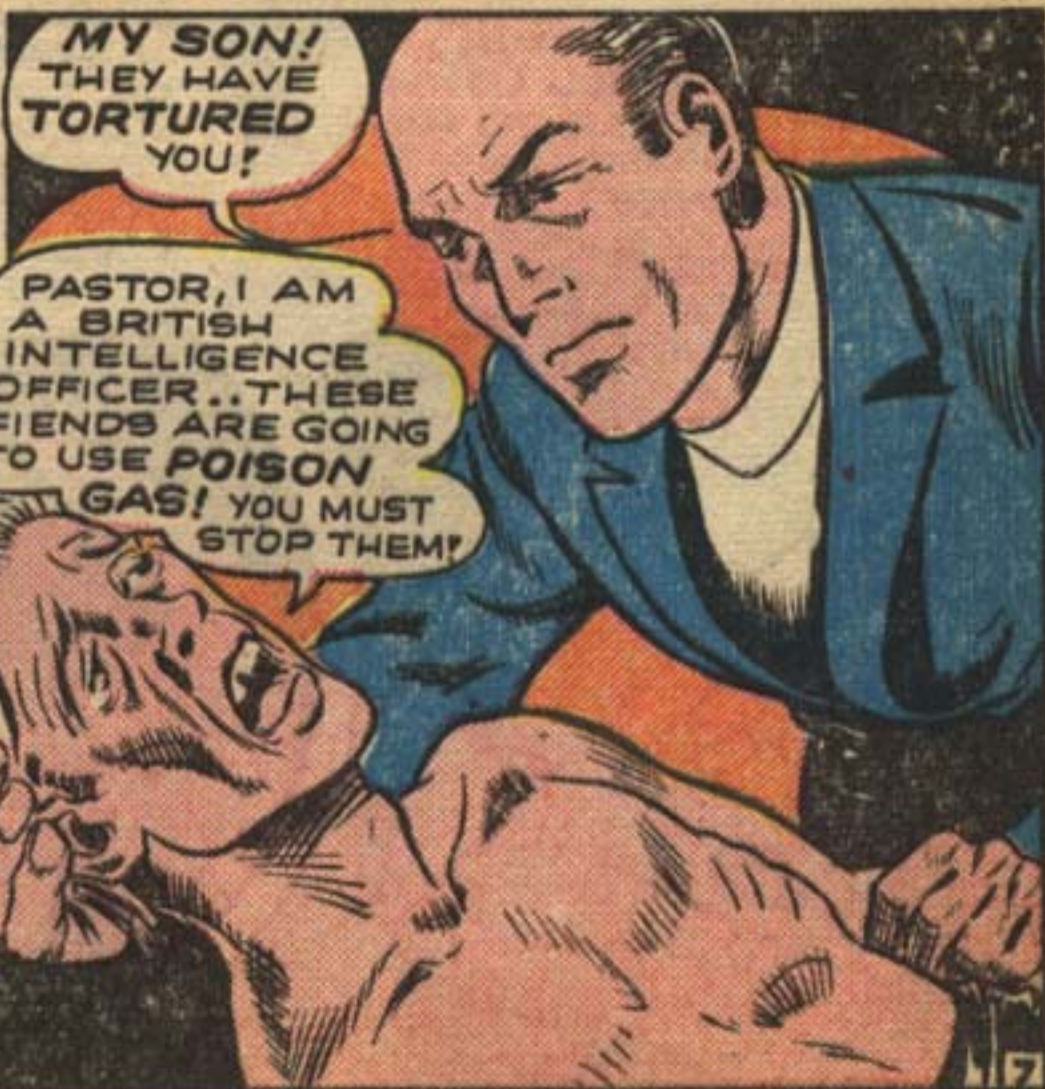


GUARD! GET DER PASTOR! IT VILL DO HIM GOOD TO SEE HOW WE TREAT OUR PRISONERS!



YOU SENT FOR ME?

JA! DIS WRETCH WANTED. YOU! LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR RELIGION CAN DO FOR HIM!



MY SON! THEY HAVE TORTURED YOU!

PASTOR, I AM A BRITISH INTELLIGENCE OFFICER.. THESE FIENDS ARE GOING TO USE POISON AND GAS! YOU MUST STOP THEM!



DOT VILL TEACH YOU TO TALK!

YOU.. YOU MURDEROUS DEVIL!

AAGH!

BANG!



YOU WON'T ESCAPE PUNISHMENT FOR THIS! I'LL SEE THAT THE AUTHORITIES HEAR OF THIS WANTON MURDER!

HERR PASTOR! HERE I AM DER ONLY AUTHORITY! DOT MAN WAS GOING TO REVEAL A STATE SECRET!



THEN IT'S TRUE! YOU DO INTEND TO USE POISON GAS! I HADN'T THOUGHT EVEN THE NAZIS HAD SUNK SO LOW!



VE USE ANY WEAPON! DER BRITISH UND AMERICANS ARE TOO SOFT, HERR PASTOR! DOT IS VY DEY LOSE THE WAR!



LATER:

DER PASTOR KNOWS TOO MUCH. HE IS TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE! VE MUST GET RID OF HIM, AT ONCE!



BUT, HERR CAPTAIN, HE IS TOO WELL LOVED BY DER PEOPLE TO HAVE HIM EXECUTED LIKE THE OTHERS!



I HAFF THOUGHT OF THAT! DER PASTOR VILL DIE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE FROM DER PRISON.. AND VE HELP HIM TO ESCAPE!



SEND HANS TO ME! HE LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH TO FOOL A HOLY MAN LIKE DER PASTOR!

YOU ARE CLEVER!



GATER..

HERR PASTOR!
MY NAME IS
HANS! I COME
AS A FRIEND
TO HELP YOU!

MY
FRIENDS
ARE THOSE
WHO LOVE
FREEDOM!



I, TOO, LOVE FREEDOM!
TONIGHT, AT MIDNIGHT,
EVERYTHING WILL BE
READY FOR YOU TO
ESCAPE!

SUCCESS WILL
DEPEND ON
PERFECT TIMING,
HERR PASTOR!
DO NOT FAIL
ME!

I WILL
DO MY
BEST!



I THANK THEE, OH LORD, FOR THY
KINDNESS! IT IS THY WILL I SHOULD
BE FREE! THE WORLD WILL KNOW
OF THE NAZI BEASTS'
MURDEROUS
PLANS!

IT WAS VERY EASY, HERR CAPTAIN!
HE IS SUCH A SIMPLE SOUL! HE
BELIEVED
EVERYTHING
I TOLD HIM.

TELL THE GUARDS TO BE
READY MIT DER MACHINE
GUNS AT MIDNIGHT! HE
WILL NOT GET FAR!



HANS SAID THE
PASTOR WILL APPEAR
BESIDE DER EAST WALL!
DER SPOTLIGHT WILL
MAKE HIM A GOOT
TARGET! VE CANNOT
MISS HIM!



AT THAT VERY INSTANT, A WEB WHICH HAD
BEEN SPUN ACROSS TWO CONTINENTS IS
TIGHTENING... THE WEB SILENTLY MOUNTS
THE PRISON WALL.



HALT! WHO GOES DERE?



YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER THE NAME IF I TOLD YOU!

ACH!

SILENTLY, SWIFTLY, THE WEB WORKS, SILENCING THE GUNNERS. AND THEN A SEARCHLIGHT CUTS ACROSS THE DARK YARD.



DER PASTOR!



COME AWAY FROM THERE!



VY DON'T THEY SHOOT? IF ANYTHING HAS GONE WRONG... I'LL...



FIRE WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHT COMES ON? DON'T WAIT, OR DER PASTOR VILL ESCAPE!



DER SEARCHLIGHT? VY ISN'T IT ON? ACH! I SHOULD NEFFER HAFF LEFT DOSE FOOLS TO HANDLE THIS ALONE!



DER SEARCHLIGHT WAS ON, HERR CAPTAIN! AND THEN IT WENT OUDT!



I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!

THANK YOU, MY SON!



HURRY, PASTOR! THEY'LL HAVE THAT SEARCH LIGHT ON IN A MINUTE!



SO?



TAKE DOT! I CAN KILL A MAN WITH ONE SLASH OF DIS WHIP!



THAT DEPENDS ON THE MAN, MY NAZI FRIEND!



FOOL! NO ONE CAN BEAT CAPTAIN MURDER!



THAT'S STILL OPEN FOR ARGUMENT! SUPPOSE WE DISCUSS IT FURTHER!

AND I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT ANY ANSWER FOR **THIS** ONE!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL...



DEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

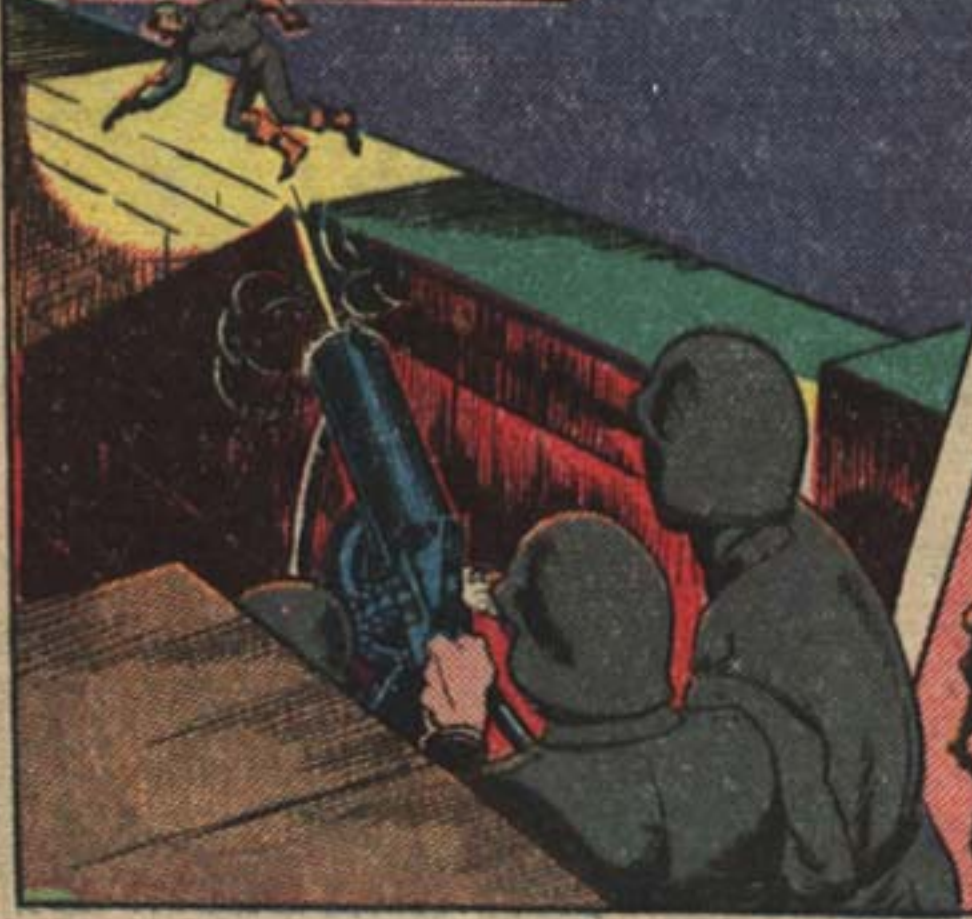


A DAZZLING BEAM OF LIGHT SPRINGS OUT, TRANSFIXING CAPTAIN MURDER IN ITS GLARE.



DER SEARCHLIGHT! NO! NO!

PROMPTLY, THE MACHINE GUNS START THEIR DEADLY CHATTER.



AND SO THE WEB OF CRIME ENMESHED ANOTHER VICTIM.

IDIOTS! YOU'VE KILLED DER CAPTAIN!

BUT, BUT HE SAID TO SHOOT WITHOUT WAITING. VE ONLY OBEYED ORDERS!



OUR SCENE CHANGES. SOME WEEKS LATER IN ENGLAND...

I HOPE YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MENTION THE WEB IN YOUR BROADCAST, MR. CHURCHILL!

WE NEVER MENTION PERSONAL HEROISM, PASTOR!



HOWEVER, IN THIS CASE, I THINK I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION! AFTER ALL, THE INFORMATION YOU BROUGHT US MAY BE OF VITAL IMPORTANCE!



AND SO IN HIS HOME, JOHN RAYMOND HEARS A BROADCAST THAT HAS A SPECIAL MEANING FOR HIM...

LET HITLER BE NOT DECEIVED! WE WILL MEET POISON GAS WITH POISON GAS! THE FASCIST MONSTER WILL BE CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF HIS OWN FOUL CRIMES!



STEEL STERLING

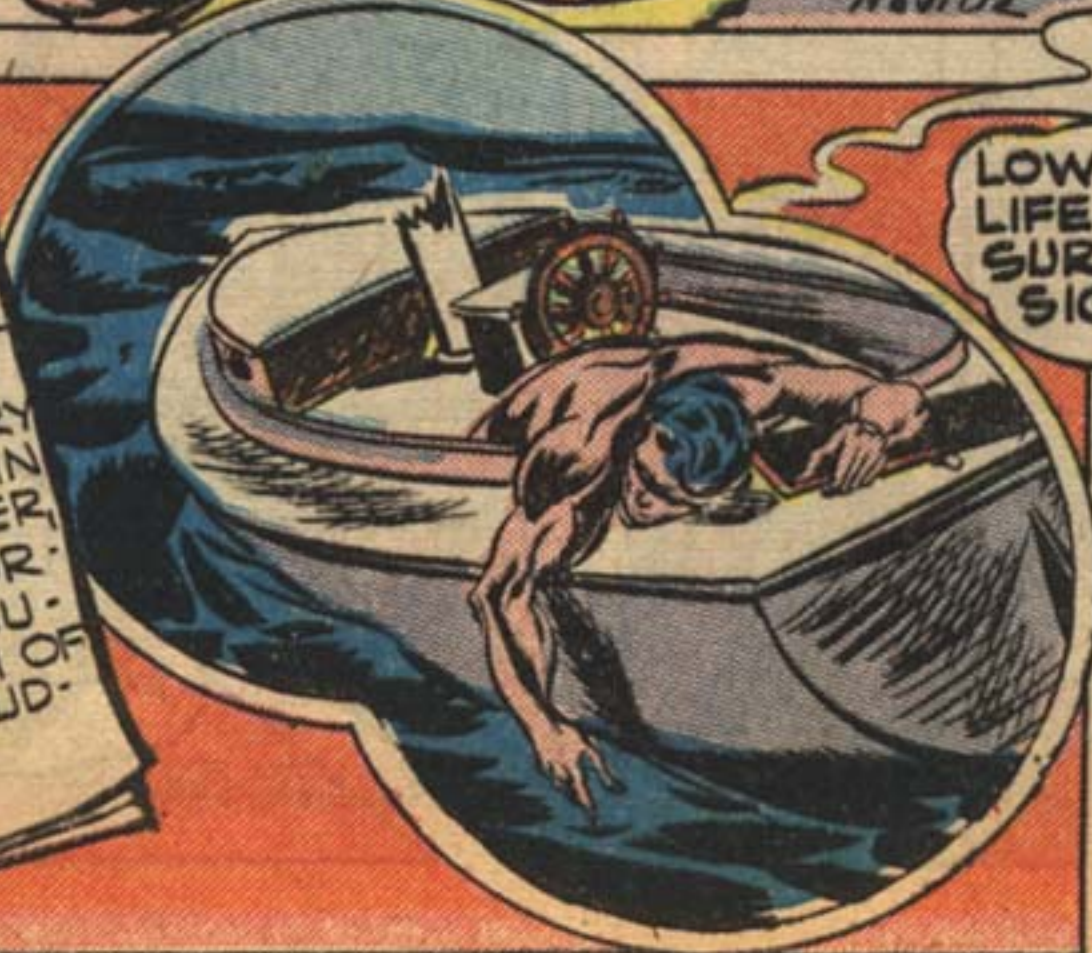


MY FRIENDS!
TODAY, WE AMERICANS ARE FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES AGAINST THE HYENAS OF CIVILIZATION, AND GO IS OUR ALLY...

... BRITAIN!
WE SHALL NOT FAIL; WE SHALL NOT FALTER TILL EVERY VESTIGE OF THIS LOATHSOME NAZIDOM IS SWEEPED FROM THE EARTH!



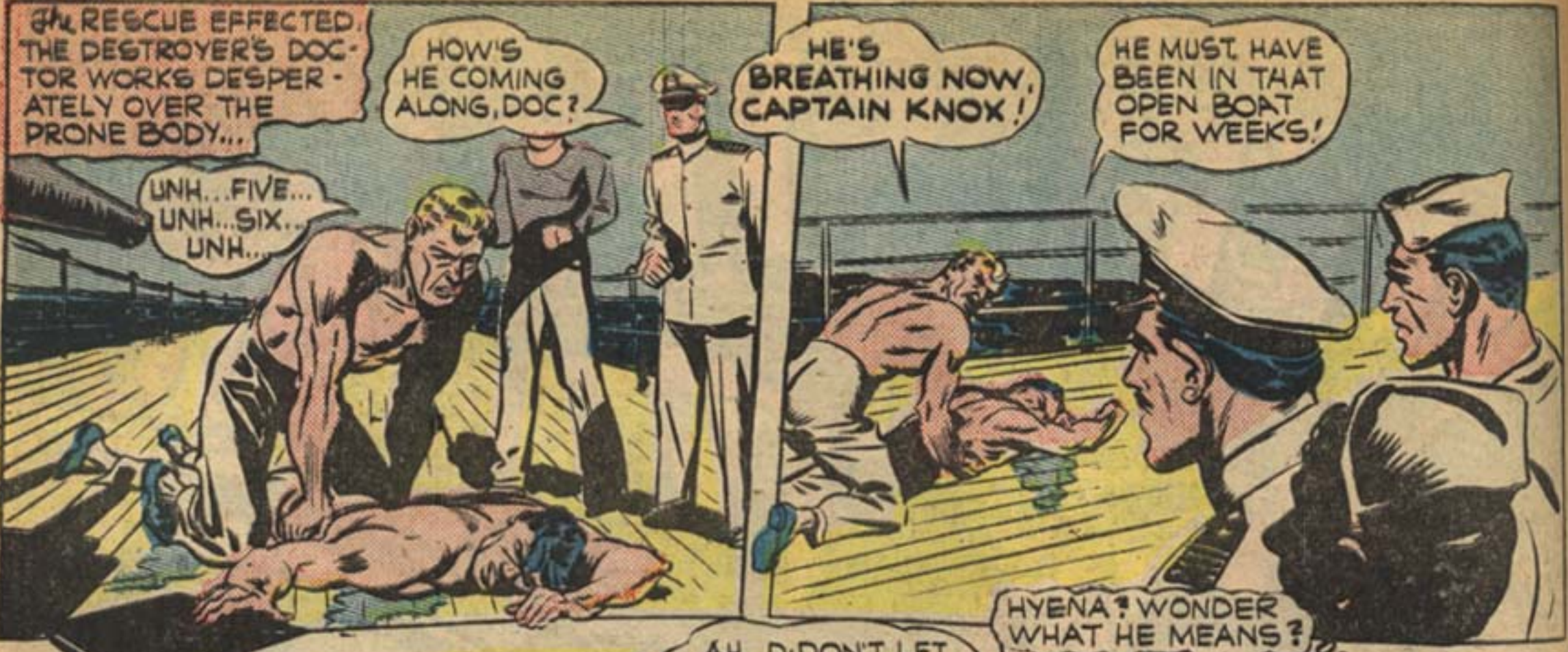
WHAT IS
LAUGHING DEATH
THIS TERRIFYING TALE
IS ABOUT AN INNOCENT-
LOOKING PORTFOLIO
WHICH WEAVES A MESH
OF DEATH AS IT TRAV-
ELS FROM HAND TO
HAND... AS THIS STORY
BEGINS, THE CAPTAIN
OF A U.S. DESTROYER,
SWEEPING THE HOR-
IZON WITH BINOCU-
LARS IN SEARCH OF
ENEMY CRAFT, SUD-
DENLY SEES..



LOWER A,
LIFEBOAT!
SURVIVOR
SIGHTED!



IRVING
REVUE



THE RESCUE EFFECTED. THE DESTROYER'S DOCTOR WORKS DESPERATELY OVER THE PRONE BODY...

HOW'S HE COMING ALONG, DOC?

HE'S BREATHING NOW, CAPTAIN KNOX!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN THAT OPEN BOAT FOR WEEKS!

UNH... FIVE... UNH... SIX... UNH...



AH... AH... MY NAME EES DOUVIER... I... I ESCAPE... I... AGGHH!

GAVE YOUR BREATH MAN, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

...AH... D-DON'T LET THE HYENA... GET THEES PORTFOLIO... AH..... OHHH.....

HYENA? WONDER WHAT HE MEANS?

POOR FELLOW! HE NEVER LIVED TO TELL HIS STORY! WELL, I'LL HAND THIS OVER TO THE STATE DEPT. WHEN WE DOCK TOMORROW!



THE NEXT DAY AT DORA CUMMINGS' APARTMENT, ALL IS NOT EXACTLY WELL...

WHAT'S THAT? YOU'RE BREAKING ANOTHER DATE WITH ME?

WELL, YOU SEE, ER...



BUT THERE'S A WAR ON, DORA... I... ER...

WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT IT ALL YOURSELF!... EXCUSE ME WHILE I ANSWER THE PHONE!

R-R-RING



HELLO, DORA? THIS IS CAPT. KNOX... I'VE JUST DOCKED AND IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT, I WONDERED IF YOU'D LIKE TO MEET ME OUTSIDE "CLUB FLAMINGO"

I'D LOVE TO, DARLING... MEET YOU THERE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!

GOODBYE, MR. STERLING!
I HAVE A DATE WITH A
GENTLEMAN AT THE
"CLUB FLAMINGO"!

G-GOSH,
STEEL! SHE'S
GOING!

GEE, DORA,
YOU OUGHN'TA
BE MAD LIKE
THAT!

STEEL'S A
SWELL GUY.
HE CAN'T HELP
IT IF THE GOV-
ERNMENT
NEEDS HIM!

"CLUB
FLAMINGO,"
DRIVER!



KNOXY, DARLING!
HOW WONDERFUL TO
SEE YOU AGAIN!

H-HEY, SHE
WASN'T KIDDIN'!

THREE MINUTES LATER...



GREAT MARLINSPIKES!
I DIDN'T KNOW DORA CARED
FOR ME THAT MUCH!

ER...INTRODUCE ME TO
YOUR FRIENDS, DORA!

THIS IS
OFFICER CLANCY
AND ALEC BEN
LUNAR... BOYS
THIS IS CAPT.
KNOX!

WHEN
DO WE EAT,
CAP?



WHY
CERTAINLY,
DARLING!



EAT? I WONDER IF YOU'D
DO ME A FAVOR, OFFICER
CLANCY... AND DELIVER
THIS TO THE STATE
DEPARTMENT!

OFFICIAL
BUSINESS? YOU
CAN COUNT ON
ME, CAP!

BUT LET US TURN TO THE
DOCKED DESTROYER...
WHERE THE FIRST MATE
SITS WRITING HIS RE-
PORT...

ON THE DAY
BEFORE ARRIVAL -
WE SIGHTED AND...

....PICKED UP
ONE SURVIVOR...
WHA...



GO ON, TELL ME MORE ABOUT DIS "SURVIVOR"! DER HYENA IS VERY INTERESTED IN DOT! UND ALSO IN DOT BLACK PORTFOLIO... WHERE ISS IT?

THAT GRIN... THAT SMILE OF YOURS! STOP IT! TH - THE CAPTAIN HAS THE PORTFOLIO, NOT ME! STOP STARING AT ME!



NO! GET AWAY FROM ME! TAKE THAT MOCKING FACE AWAY! GET IT AWAY FROM ME!



I... I'M CHOKING... I... ARRGH!

AS THE HYENA LEAVES, A HORRIBLE GRIN MARKS DEATH ACROSS THE MATE'S FACE...



MEANTIME:

LOOKIT THAT BAG, LOONEY! LET'S BUY IT FOR DORA!

YEAH! AND PRETEND STEEL SENT IT!

THAT'S THE ONE... WE WANT A COUPLE OF FRIENDS TO KISS AND MAKE UP!

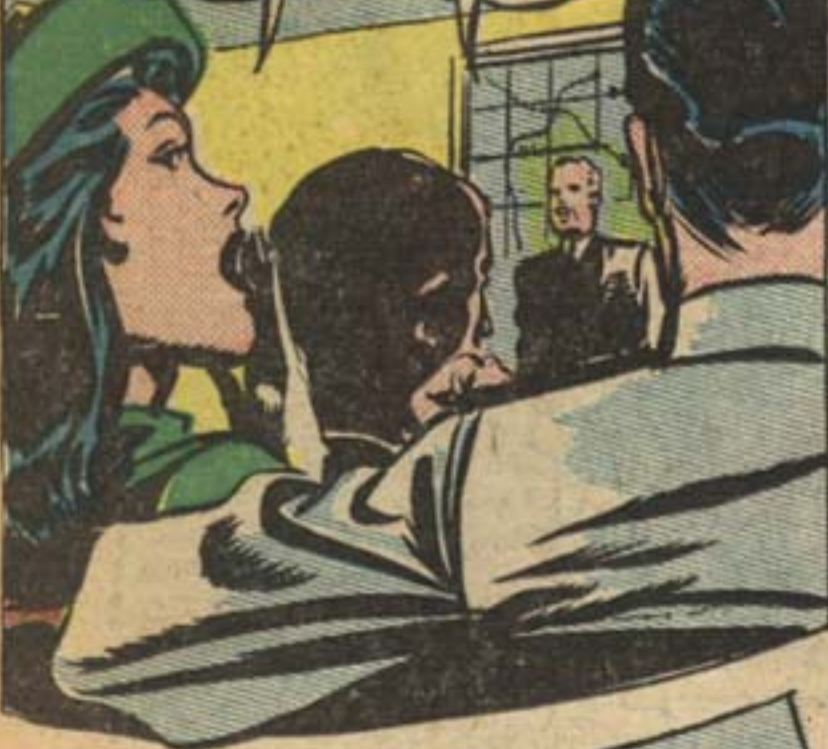
WRAP IT UP AND SEND IT TO MISS DORA CUMMINGS, 150 E. 35th ST.

I'LL DELIVER IT MYSELF, TONIGHT! GOOD-DAY GENTLEMEN!

THANKS! THAT OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!



IN THE MEANTIME... I MEDIATE THAT HE MEETS ME AT THE CLUB FLAMINGO... AND TAKES ME TO A LECTURE!



AND THE EQUILATERAL DISTANCES BETWEEN THE MERIDIAN AND... BLAH... BLAH...

ENJOYING YOURSELF, DORA?



OH, IMMENSELY, CAPTAIN!

IF STEEL SAW ME NOW HE'D GIVE ME THE MERRY HA-HA!

I'LL BE BACK IN A SECOND, CAPTAIN!



AHH! MAY I BORROW YOUR RADIO FOR A MOMENT?

WHY, OF COURSE, MISS!

MINUTES PASS...

FUNNY! WONDER WHERE DORA WENT? THINK I'D BETTER...



HELLO, STEEL? SURE I'M HAVING A SWELL TIME - DANCING, AND... THIS BAND IS REALLY HEP!



THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!



OH, THERE SHE IS PHONING!



...AND CAPTAIN KNOX DANCES WONDERFULLY. I... STEEL! SOMETHING TERRIBLE... COME TO THE NAVAL HALL AT ONCE!



WHAT! DORA, SPEAK UP! WHAT IS IT?



SUDDENLY, A HORRIBLE SHADOW APPROACHES THE CAPTAIN....



GREAT GUNS! SHE'S DROPPED THE RECEIVER!



MAKE IT FAST, STERLING! SOUNDS LIKE DORA'S IN TROUBLE!



SO YOU HAD DER PORTFOLIO TAKEN TO DER STATE DEPT. - MEDDLING FOOL! DOT'S YOT I WANTED TO KNOW!



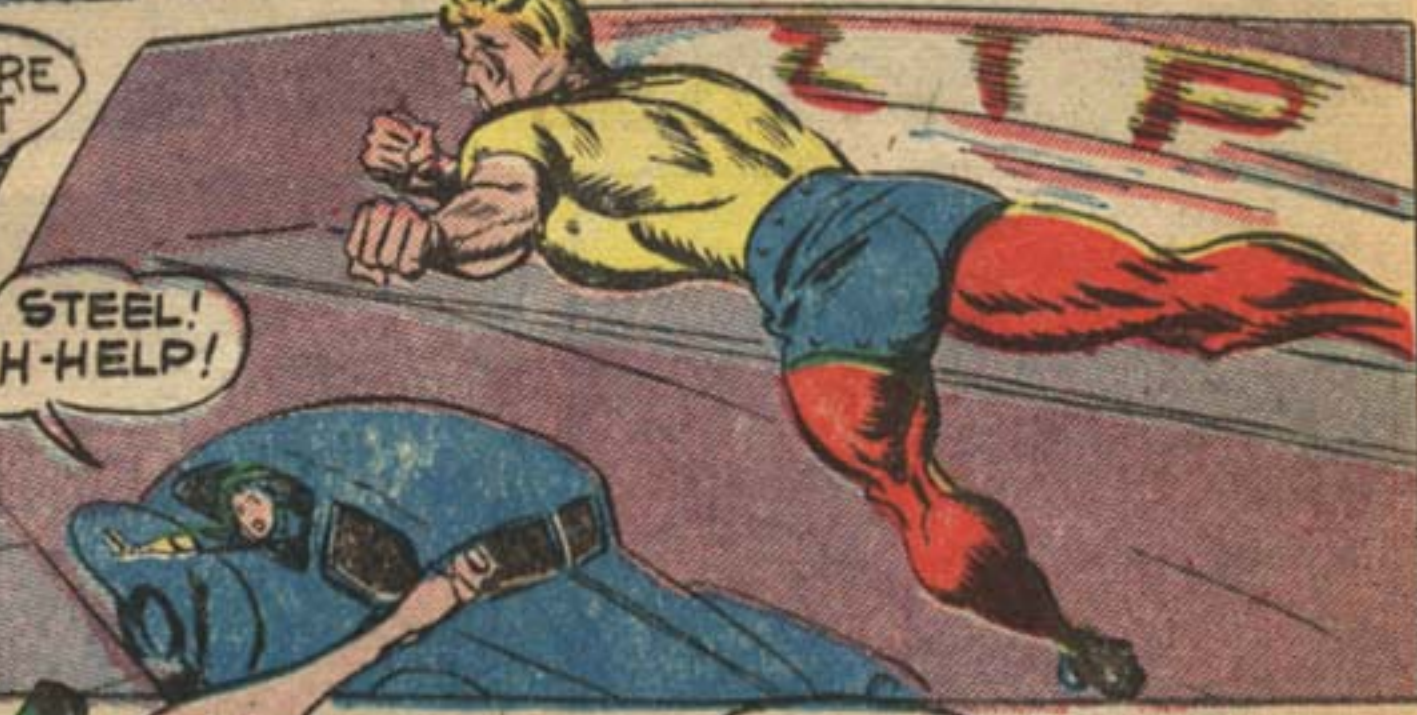
THE HYENA RASPS OUT A QUICK ORDER TO HIS HENCH-MEN



TAKE DIS GIRL OUD UND GET RID OF HER! I VILL GO ON TO DER STATE DEPT.



GET IN DERE, YOU! YOU'RE LUCKY DER HYENA ISN'T TAKING CARE OF YOU HIMSELF!

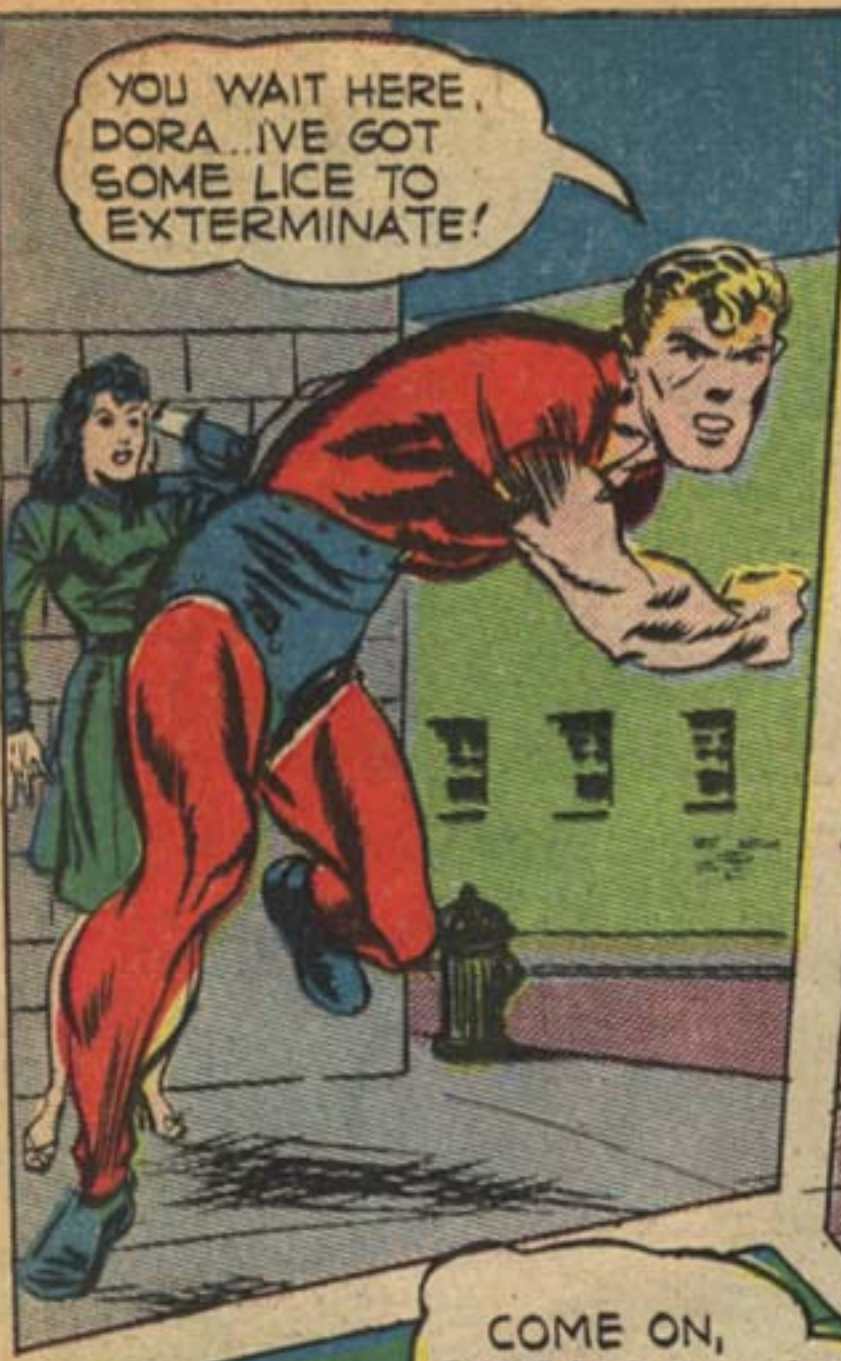


STEEL! H-HELP!



SO YOU WERE HAVING A GOOD TIME DANCING EH, DORA?

IT'S STEEL STERLING! STEP ON DER GAS OTTO!



YOU WAIT HERE, DORA... I'VE GOT SOME LICE TO EXTERMINATE!



NOW WHERE DID THOSE RATS GET TO?

THERE THEY ARE NOW!

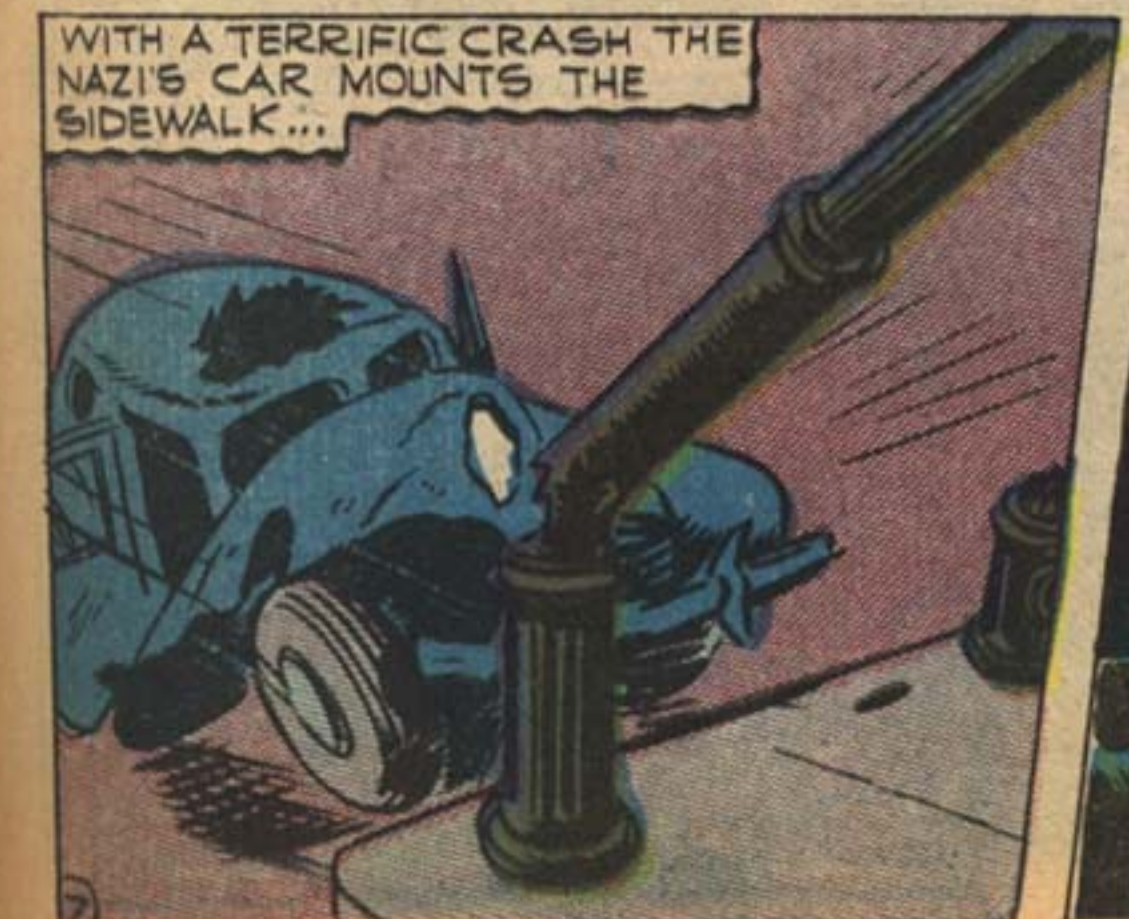


COME ON, BOYS! UP ON YOUR FEET!...



...AND DOWN YOU GO!

WHAM



WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE NAZI'S CAR MOUNTS THE SIDEWALK...



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DORA? H-HEY!



HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA!

CUT
IT OUT,
DORA!

SHE'S
HYSTERICAL!



COME OUT OF IT! SORRY
TO HAVE TO DO THIS....
BUT...

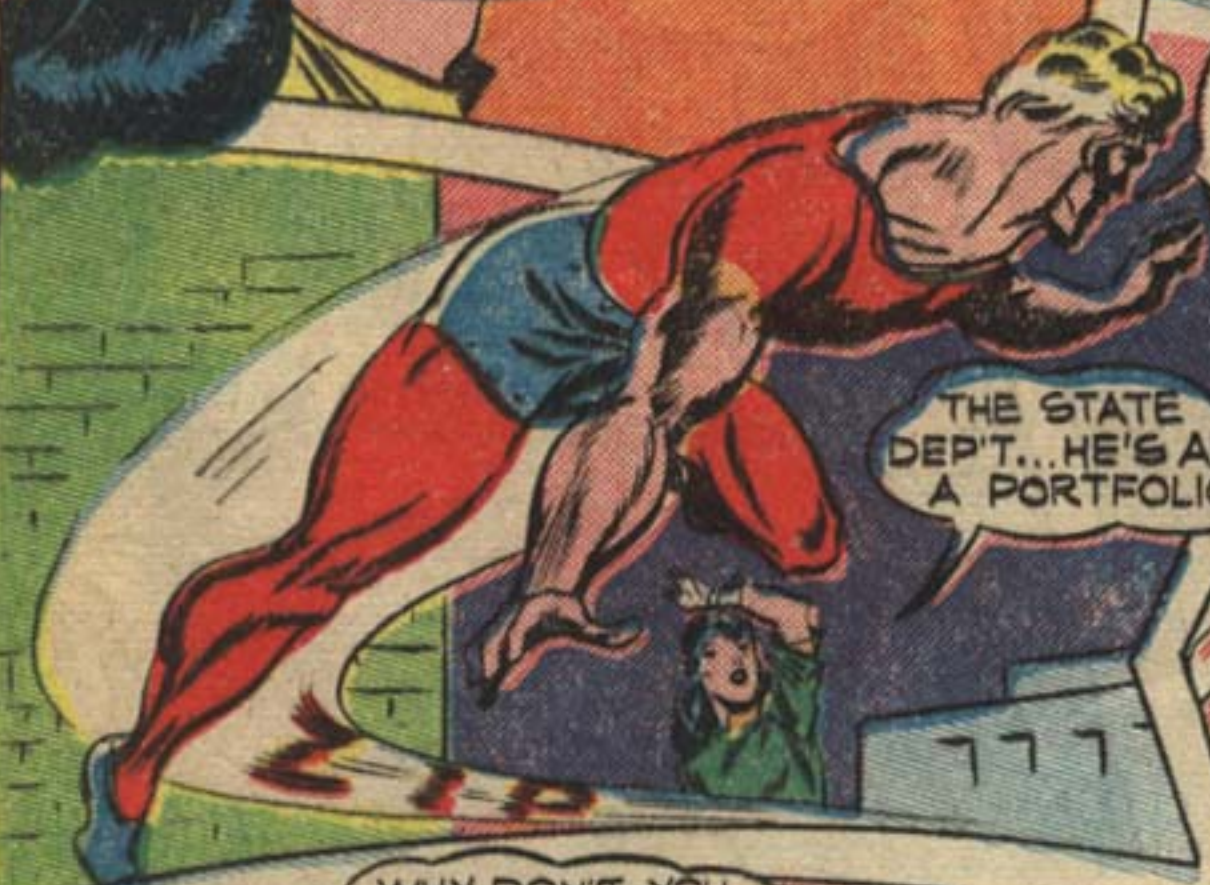


W-WHAT
HAPPENED? THAT
HYENA STARED AT
ME AND SUDDENLY
MY MIND WENT
BLANK!



STEEL
STERLING!
DID YOU
SLAP ME?

WHERE'D
THAT HYENA
GO TO?



THE STATE
DEPT... HE'S AFTER
A PORTFOLIO!



THANKS!
DORA, YOU
GO HOME
AND REST!

THE SCENE SHIFTS

THIS MUST
BE IT!

COME ON.
LET'S GO IN,
CLANCY!



WHY DON'T YOU
KNOCK BEFORE YOU
COME IN?

EXCUSE ME, SIR,
BUT THIS IS FOR
YOU!

WELL,
WHAT
IS IT?

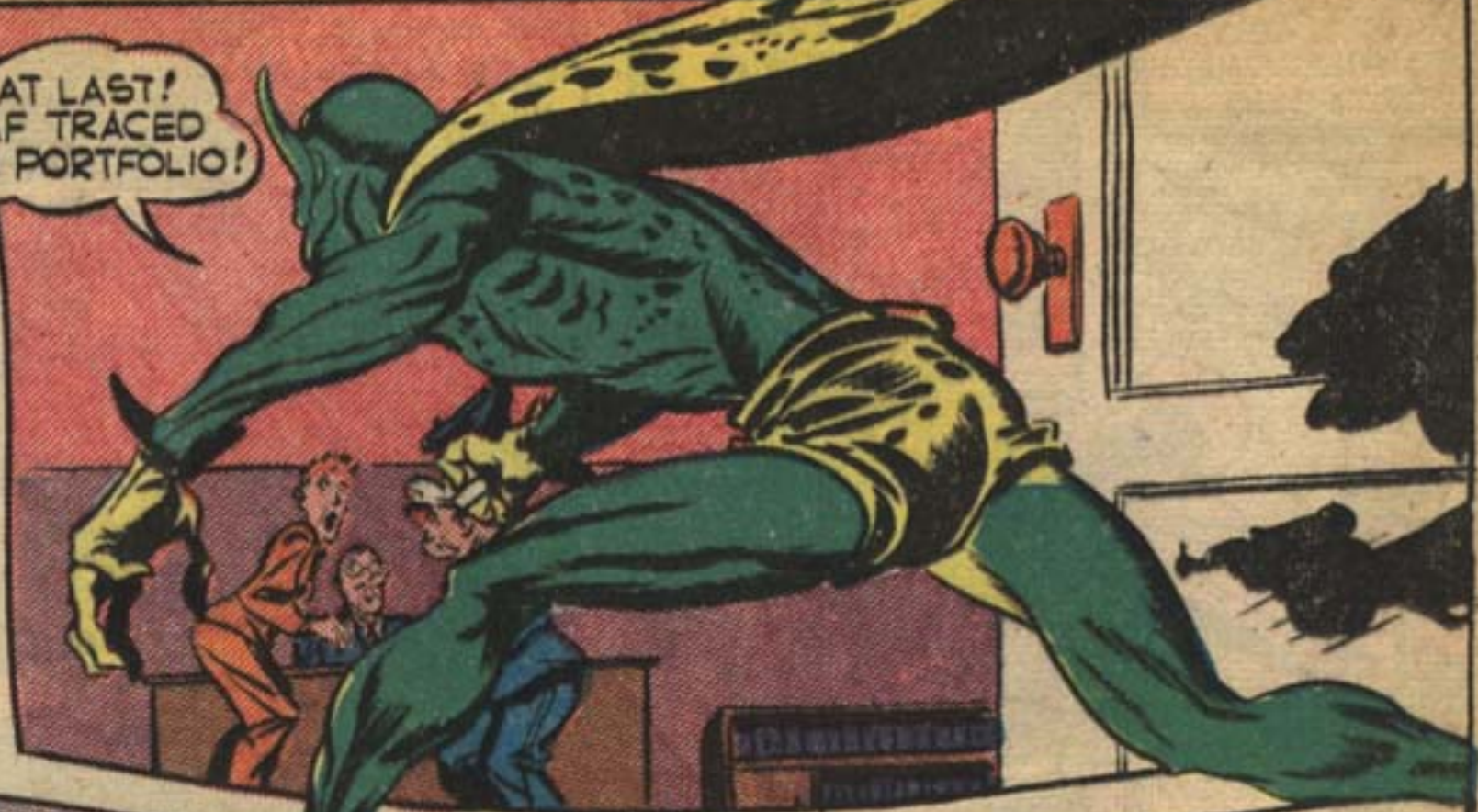


W-WE DON'T
KNOW - A FRIEND
OF DORA'S TOLD
US TO GIVE IT TO
YOU!

DORA? I DON'T
KNOW ANY DORA!
THIS IS MOST...
IRREGULAR!



SUDDENLY...
G-GEE!!
WWHIZ!!



AT LAST!
I HAF TRACED
DER PORTFOLIO!



GIF IT HERE! DON'T MOVE
UNLESS YOU PREFER TO
DIE LAUGHING!



GENTLEMEN, YOU
HAF HAD DER HONOR
OF MEETING DER
HYENA!



A LIGHTNING FLASH AND
STEEL STERLING ZIPS IN



OOOOF!

...YOU MIGHT
GET HURT!

DON'T PLAY
WITH FIRE,
FUNNY-
FACE!..



THIS OUGHT TO
KEEP YOU QUIET,
NAZI!



WHILE STEEL WHIPS ABOUT TO FIND THE PORTFOLIO...

HEY, STEEL - THAT HYENA GOT AWAY. HE'S BEATING IT UP TO THE ROOF!

FOOLS! DER HYENA! VILL HAVE DER LAST LAUGH YET!

YOU MAKE EXCELLENT TARGETS DOWN THERE! HA, HA, HA!

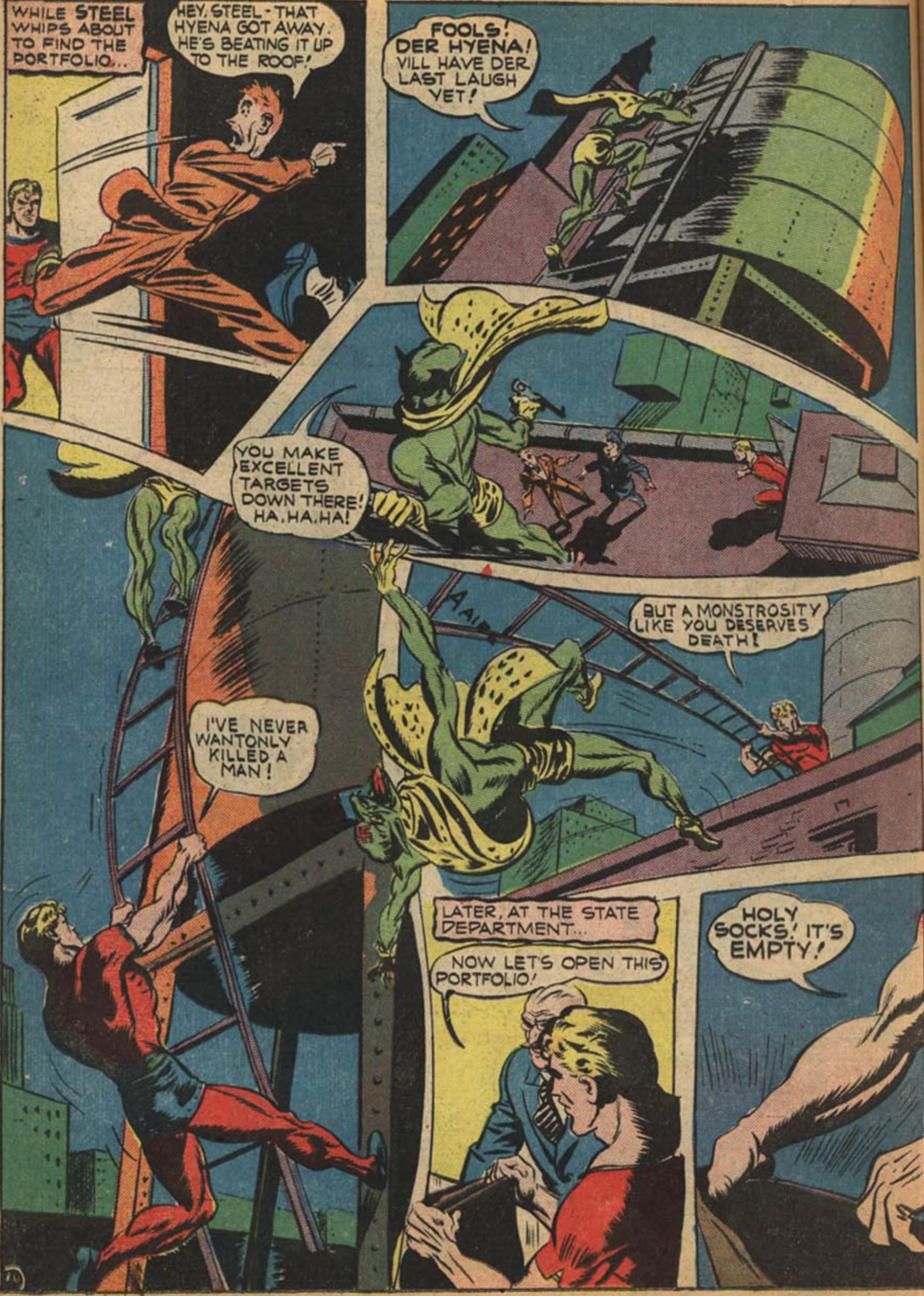
BUT A MONSTROSITY LIKE YOU DESERVES DEATH!

I'VE NEVER WANTONLY KILLED A MAN!

LATER, AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT...

NOW LET'S OPEN THIS PORTFOLIO!

HOLY SOCKS! IT'S EMPTY!





I DON'T GET IT! WHY WOULD THAT HYENA BE CHASING AFTER AN EMPTY PORTFOLIO...? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



SHUCKS! MEBBE IT WAS EMPTY ALL THE TIME, STEEL!

NOT LIKELY THAT PEOPLE WOULD BE MURDERED FOR AN EMPTY PORTFOLIO!



LATER...

OH!...

...NUTS!

I STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!

JUST A SECOND.. SOMEONE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!



A PACKAGE FOR MISS CUMMINGS! AND THE TWO GENTLEMEN WHO CAME INTO MY SHOP.. LEFT...

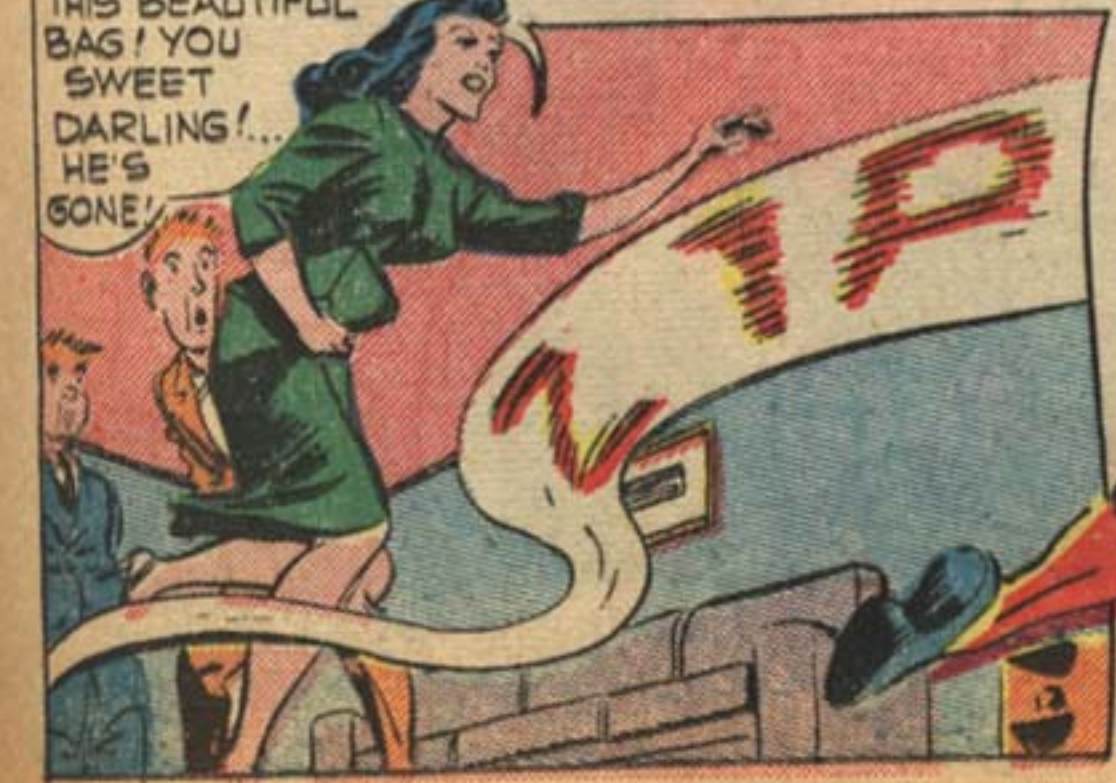


...THIS PORTFOLIO!

HAND IT HERE, CHUM! THIS IS VALUABLE!



A QUICK GLANCE AT THE CONTENTS AND... SUFFERING SNAKE-EYES!!



THIS BEAUTIFUL BAG! YOU SWEET DARLING!... HE'S GONE!



THIS IS SOMETHING THE STATE DEPT. WILL WANT TO SEE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YE GODS!
THIS CALLS
FOR ACTION!

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
WIRES HUM AND SECRET
MESSAGES ARE
SENT TO ALL
CORNERS OF
THE GLOBE:



...AND THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WUXTRY
PAPER,
MISTER?

SLIP
IT TO ME,
KID!

HERE'S THE SOLUTION
TO OUR ADVENTURE
WITH THE HYENA.

CLANCY!
RIGHT IN
HEADLINES!

WHAT
DOES
IT MEAN,
STEEL?



EXTRA
GLOBE
MADAGASCAR TAKEN
BY BRITISH !!!
SECRET NAZI PLANS TO INVADE
ISLAND UNCOVERED BY STATE DEPT.
BRITISH ACT TO PREVENT
INVASION!

THAT PORTFOLIO CON-
TAINED DOCUMENTARY
PROOF OF A PLANNED
NAZI INVASION OF MAD
AGASCAR. THE MO-
MENT WE INFORMED
THE BRITISH THEY
SWUNG INTO
ACTION-THAT'S
WHAT THREE
PEOPLE
GAVE
THEIR
LIVES
FOR!

HOW ABOUT
THAT DATE
OF OURS NOW,
STEEL?

SURE, I'VE A
NEW CASE TO WORK
ON... COME ALONG,
DORA!

OOP!

ZOOP!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, GANG! AND IN THE NEXT ISSUE YOU'LL GET IT....
THE MOST DARING, DEVIL-MAY-CARE ADVENTURE OF STEEL
STERLING'S VOLCANIC CAREER...
TAKE A TIP! BUY ZIP! IT'S A PIP!

J
♠

BLACK JACK



BY SOME STRANGE DESTINY BLACK JACK HAS ALWAYS BEEN LINKED WITH CARDS! WHO CAN FORGET HIS TITANIC STRUGGLES WITH THE KING OF DIAMONDS, THE BLACK SEVEN, POKER FACE? ... BUT NEVER IN HIS PERIL-STUDDED, DANGER-CROWDED CAREER HAS BLACK JACK BEEN PLUNGED INTO A MENACE SO TERRIBLE AS HE MEETS IN "THE HOUSE OF CARDS"!!

By
"RED" HOLMDALE

OUR STORY OPENS AT A FACTORY OF ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING PLAYING CARD COMPANIES.....



JOHN SMITH IS ONLY AN AVERAGE WORKER, BUT HE IS AN AMERICAN AND HE RESENTS PETTY TYRANNIES

I DON'T GET IT—WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THESE NO SMOKING SIGNS?



AND THAT'S NOT ALL! THIS PLACE IS GETTING SO FULL OF RULES A MAN CAN'T EVEN TAKE A DEEP BREATH!

IT ALL STARTED SINCE THIS NEW MANAGEMENT TOOK OVER!



AND THESE NEW FOREMEN GIVE ME A PAIN..... OOPS, I DROPPED A CARD!



STRIKING A MATCH, THE MAN BENDS TO LOOK...

THERE IT IS!



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

LEGGO OF ME!



FOOL! THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO STRIKE A MATCH!

SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THIS AINT GERMANY!

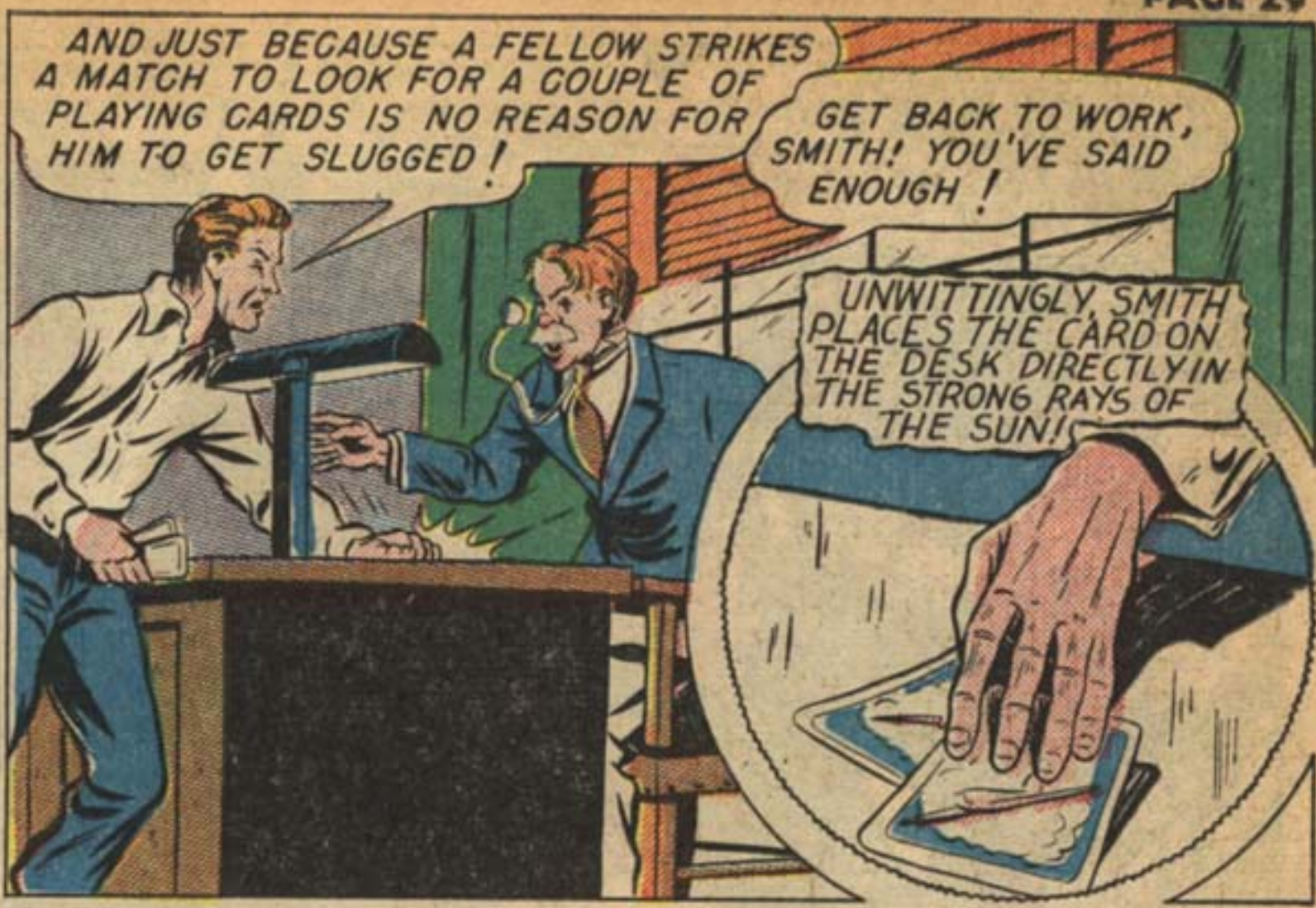
I'M FOREMAN HERE! SHUT UP OR YOU'LL GET MORE OF THE SAME!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH—I'M GOING TO SEE THE BOSS AND GET SOMETHING DONE! WE'VE GOT RIGHTS.... NOBODY CAN PUSH US AROUND!





MR BEGGS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING!



AND JUST BECAUSE A FELLOW STRIKES A MATCH TO LOOK FOR A COUPLE OF PLAYING CARDS IS NO REASON FOR HIM TO GET SLUGGED!

GET BACK TO WORK, SMITH! YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH!

UNWITTINGLY, SMITH PLACES THE CARD ON THE DESK DIRECTLY IN THE STRONG RAYS OF THE SUN!



DON'T TRY TO GIVE ME ORDERS! I'VE EXHAUSTED MY PATIENCE! GET OUT! YOU'RE FIRED!

WHA... BUT !.....



UNNOTICED, THE PLAYING CARDS ON DESK BEGIN TO SMOLDER AND THEN.....

HOLY SMOKE FIRE!



SAY... I GET IT NOW! WHY, YOU DOUBLE CROSSING NAZI, I'LL FIX YOUR LITTLE GAME!

HELP!



VAS IST?... I MEAN, DID YOU CALL, MR BEGGS?

A NAZI! THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH THEM!



RECKLESSLY JOHN SMITH FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE TWO MEN! THERE IS A SHORT, SAVAGE STRUGGLE BEFORE HE IS OVERCOME..

VUN YELL UND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

DON'T KILL HIM! I DON'T WANT ANY BLOOD ON MY HANDS!

WE HANDLE THIS FROM NOW ON. YOU BLUNDERED ONCE TOO OFTEN! DON'T FORGET—YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEPLY AS WE ARE!

I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERFERE! I WON'T AGAIN!

SO YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME—YOU SNIVELING NAZI SWINE! YOU'RE AFRAID TO FIGHT LIKE MEN—IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THOSE GUNS—I'D...



MAYBE I WILL ANYWAY! I MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT FIGHTING!

VAT?

HIMMEL!



GET HIM! GET HIM!

IF I CAN MAKE THIS DOOR...



NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, THIS WILL GET OUT—AND THOSE NAZIS WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO 'EM!

THERE, THAT'LL HOLD THEM! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE!



TRAPPED! THEY'LL BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR IN A MINUTE!... THESE CARDS! SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



SECONDS LATER THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN ON ITS HINGES...



GO AHEAD AND KILL ME! I'VE FIXED YOUR LITTLE SCHEME FOR GOOD!



WAIT! DON'T KILL HIM! NOT UNTIL WE'VE FOUND OUT WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT!



TALK, YOU STUPID YANKEE! YOU HAVE TOLD SOMEONE ELSE! WE WANT HIS NAME!

TRY AND FIND OUT, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED HUNS!

AND SO THEY DO TRY TO FIND OUT, AS NAZIS HAVE ALWAYS TRIED, WITH INHUMAN BRUTALITY !!



NO NAZI CAN MAKE ME DO ANYTHING!

HOW CAN HE STAND SUCH A BEATING - VY DOESN'T HE TALK?

YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

STOP WHINING! HE'S ONLY FAINTED! AS SOON AS HE COMES AROUND WE'LL GO TO WORK ON HIM AGAIN!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER



SORRY, CHIEF! NOT INTERESTED. I'VE GOT A DATE TONIGHT!

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, JACK!

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON UP AT THAT CARD FACTORY! THE F.B.I. HAS ASKED US TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE PLACE! I CAN'T ASSIGN A REGULAR MAN TO THE JOB....



I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT THIS DATE IS IMPORTANT!

BY A SINGULAR TWIST OF FATE, JACK JONES CALLS AT THE HOME OF JOHN SMITH...



HELLO, MARY! CAN I COME IN?

OH, JACK! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!



AS JACK JONES BRINGS THE MATCH CLOSER TO THE BOX OF PLAYING CARDS, THERE'S AN EXPLOSION, A GUST OF INTENSE WHITE FIRE. !!

QUICKLY JACK STAMPS OUT THE FLAME....



HMM... REGIS PLAYING CARDS! THE COMMISSIONER WAS RIGHT—SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS!



DARN FUNNY! COME ON MARY, WE'RE GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!

.....SO IT CAUGHT FIRE! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT US TO DO... ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

GLANCY! TAKE A RUN DOWN TO THE REGIS PLAYING CARD COMPANY SOME NITWIT THINKS THERE'S A SPY RING DOWN THERE!

OKAY SARGE!



BARELY ABLE TO CONCEAL HIS IMPATIENCE, JACK JONES WAITS FOR THE POLICE TO CALL BACK.....



THE PHONE! I'LL ANSWER IT!

I HOPE IT ISN'T THE KIND OF NEWS I'M AFRAID IT'LL BE!

I SEE....! WELL, THANKS VERY MUCH!



THE POLICE SAY THAT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG DOWN AT THE PLANT!



OUTSIDE, JACK JONES RIPS OFF HIS COAT AND EMERGES AS — BLACK JACK!



I'LL SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE CARD FACTORY.





AND INSIDE...

THE COPS ARE GONE!
THEY DON'T SUSPECT
NOTHING!

GOOD WORK,
WATCHMAN!



UNSEEN, BLACK JACK
APPROACHES STEALTHILY



OOPS! SORRY
TO TRIP
YOU UP LIKE
THIS!



BUT I DON'T
WANT ANYONE
TO KNOW I'M
HERE!



I'M SURE YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND!



LEAVING THE WATCHMAN BOUND
AND GAGGED, BLACK JACK GOES
STRAIGHT TO THE DOOR OF THE
ROOM THE WATCHMAN LEFT...

IT'S ALWAYS
POLITE TO KNOCK
BEFORE ENTERING!



SOMEONE'S AT
THE DOOR...WHAT'S
THAT?



A CARD—
THE JACK OF SPADES
WHAT CAN IT
MEAN?



IT MEANS
BLACK JACK IS
TAKING A HAND
IN THIS LITTLE
GAME!

OWWWW

THE OTHER MAN LUNGES AT BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK SURGES BACK WITH A RIGHT, A LEFT, AND.....



DON'T HIT ME I-I TOLD THEM NOT TO DO IT. I DIDN'T WANT TO GET MIXED UP IN ANYTHING WRONG!



THE TREACHEROUS BEGGS WAITS ONLY UNTIL BLACK JACK IS OFF GUARD



LOOK OUT!



I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE NECESSARY FOR ME TO GO TO THE POLICE, EH WILHELM?



MEANWHILE, MARY SMITH HAS BECOME ANXIOUS ABOUT HER FATHER



THIS SPACE IS JUST WIDE ENOUGH FOR ME TO SQUEEZE THROUGH!

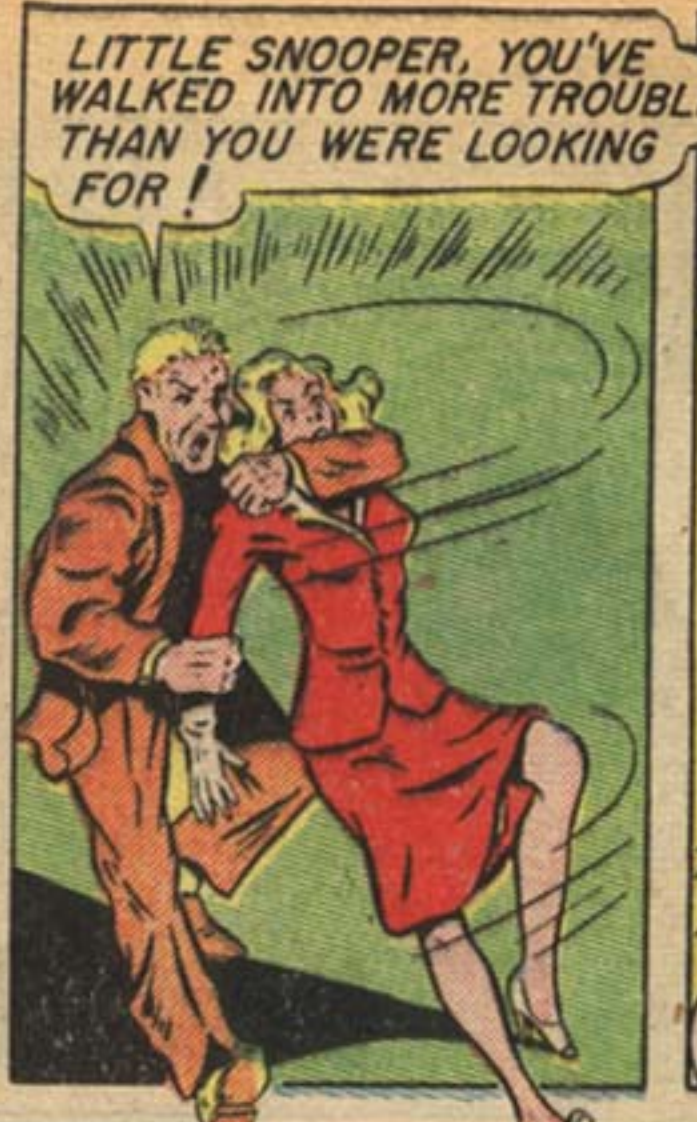


INSIDE THE PLANT





WE'LL INCREASE THE STEAM PRESSURE IN DER PIPES! WHEN THE PIPES CRACK, DER LIVE STEAM WILL SCALD THEM TO DEATH— AND IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



LITTLE SNOOPER, YOU'VE WALKED INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU WERE LOOKING FOR!



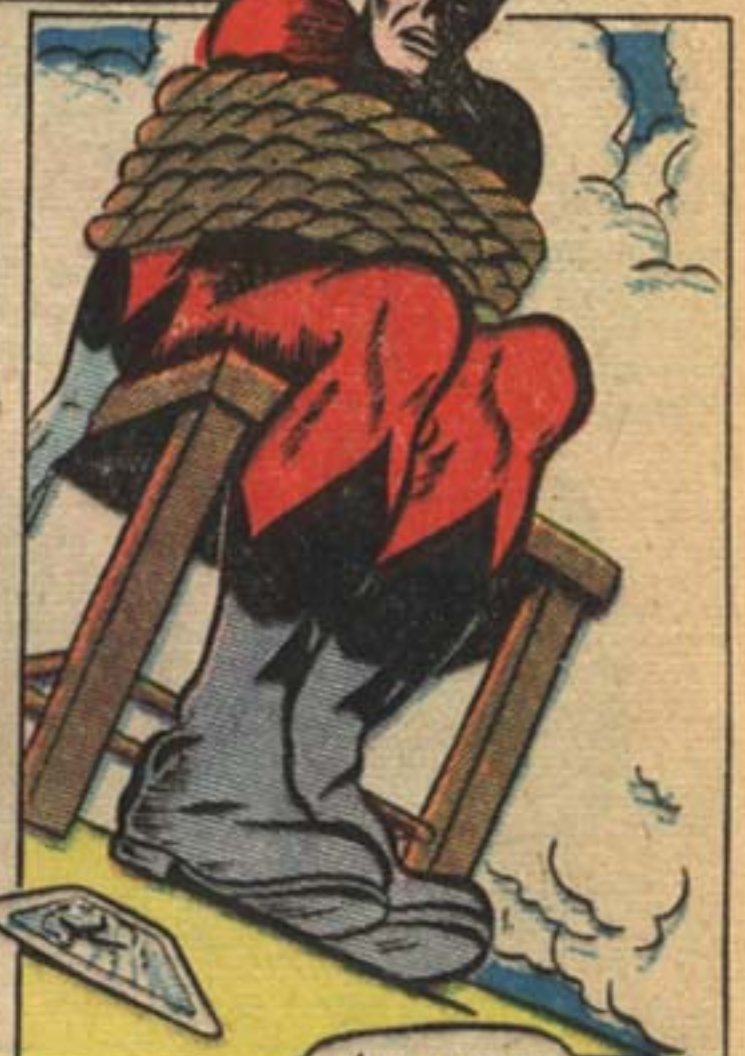
ANOTHER ONE? THEY'RE ON TO US! FIRST THE POLICE AND NOW THEM!

I HAVF A PLAN TO DISPOSE OF THEM ALL. DON'T WORRY!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH ... SAY WAIT A MINUTE!

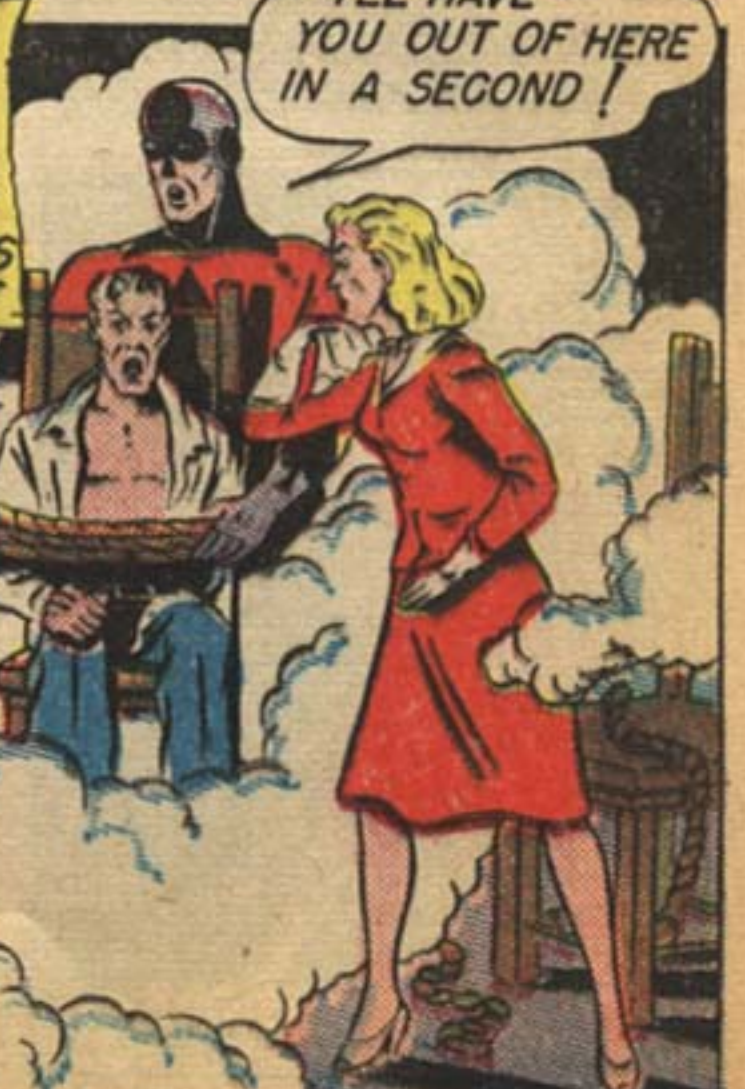


GOODBYE, BLACK JACK! HERE IS YOUR CARD! BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY MORE USE FOR IT!



THAT ISN'T MY CARD! HE THREW ONE OF THEIR CARDS BY MISTAKE!

SWIFTLY, BLACK JACK RUBS HIS FEET BACK AND FORTH CREATING A FRICTION THAT MAKES THE CARD BURST INTO FLAME ... FLAME THAT HE USES TO BURN THROUGH HIS BONDS.....!!



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A SECOND!

THEY ESCAPE FROM A ROOM THAT HAS BECOME AN INFERNO OF WHITE-HOT STEAM!

LEAPING TO THE FACTORY WALL, BLACK JACK SEES THE MEN SPEEDING AWAY FROM THE SCENE!!

HERE'S WHERE THEY GET AN UNEXPECTED PASSENGER!

NOW I'VE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



CAN I SEE THE DRIVER'S LICENSE?



MY MISTAKE! ONE OF THESE RECKLESS SUNDAY DRIVERS!



A POLICE CAR HUSTLES TOWARD THE ACCIDENT....



BETTER TAKE THEM TO THE STATION. I'LL EXPLAIN THE REST THERE!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

SO YOU SEE, COMMISSIONER, BEGGS SOLD OUT TO THE NAZIS. UNDER THE GUISE OF A PLAYING CARD FACTORY, THEY BEGAN MAKING DEADLY INCENDIARY CARDS AND SHIPPING THEM OUT OF THE COUNTRY. ENROUTE, THEY WOULD BURST INTO FLAME... AND ANOTHER ALLIED SHIP WOULD GO TO THE BOTTOM.



I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY THE COUNTRY COULD SHOW ITS APPRECIATION, BLACK JACK.

IT'S JOHN SMITH WHO REALLY DESERVES THANKS!



WE MAY NEVER HAVE ANOTHER 'VALLEY FORGE', BUT AS LONG AS WE HAVE AMERICANS LIKE JOHN SMITH, WE DON'T HAVE TO FEAR OUR COUNTRY'S FUTURE!



WORLD WONDERS



SOME LIZARDS CAN BE FROZEN STIFF AND THEN BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THAWING THEM OUT AGAIN IN THE SUN.....



THE POCKET GOPHER CAN RUN BACKWARD AS WELL AS FORWARD... HE TELLS WHEN HE IS ABOUT TO BUMP SOMETHING, WITH HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE TAIL!



The LOST COLONY

HIDDEN HIGH IN THE ADEAN HIGHLANDS OF VENEZUELA 4 GENERATIONS OF GERMAN COLONISTS HAVE LIVED UNTOUCHED BY THE OUTSIDE WORLD... THEIR TYPICAL BAVARIAN VILLAGE WAS FOUNDED BY COUNT TOVAR IN 1841.....



THE WANDERING ALBATROSS WITH A WINGSPREAD OF OVER 11 FEET IS THE LARGEST BIRD THAT FLYS... IT LIVES ON THE BLEAK ANTARCTIC ISLANDS AND SPENDS MOST OF ITS LIFE ON LONG OCEAN FLIGHTS.

-Goss

WATCH FOR THIS COVER ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!
HANGMAN
NO. 3

ALSO FEATURING **ROY DUSTY**
and **BOY BUDDIES**
THOSE SENSATIONAL

DON'T DELAY!
RESERVE YOUR COPY OF
HANGMAN
3
NOW!

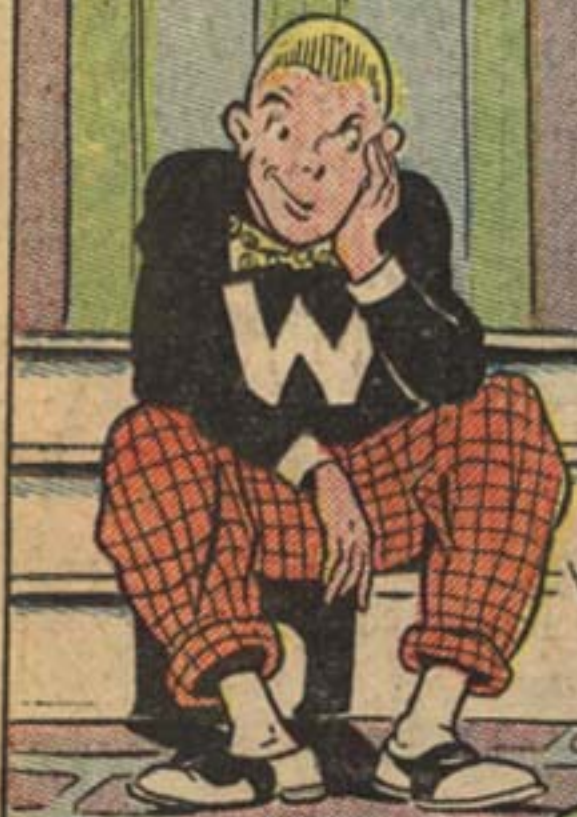


WILBUR

by
MONTANA

SUNDAY MORNING, THE DAY OF QUIET AND REST. BUT THERE'S NO REST FOR MR. WILKIN, AND THE ONLY REASON THERE'S ANY QUIET IS BECAUSE NO SANE CITIZEN IS WITHIN TEN BLOCKS OF THE WILKIN HOME AND THAT HARD LITTLE BALL ON THE ELASTIC... THE OCCASION IS THE WESTFIELD COUNTRY CLUB TOURNAMENT... AND WILBUR'S DAD IS....

UGH!
BOY - OH BOY!
WILBUR!
LOOK AT THAT FORM!
LOOK AT THAT FORM!



NICE ONE DAD! BOY!
LOOKIT THAT BALL GO!



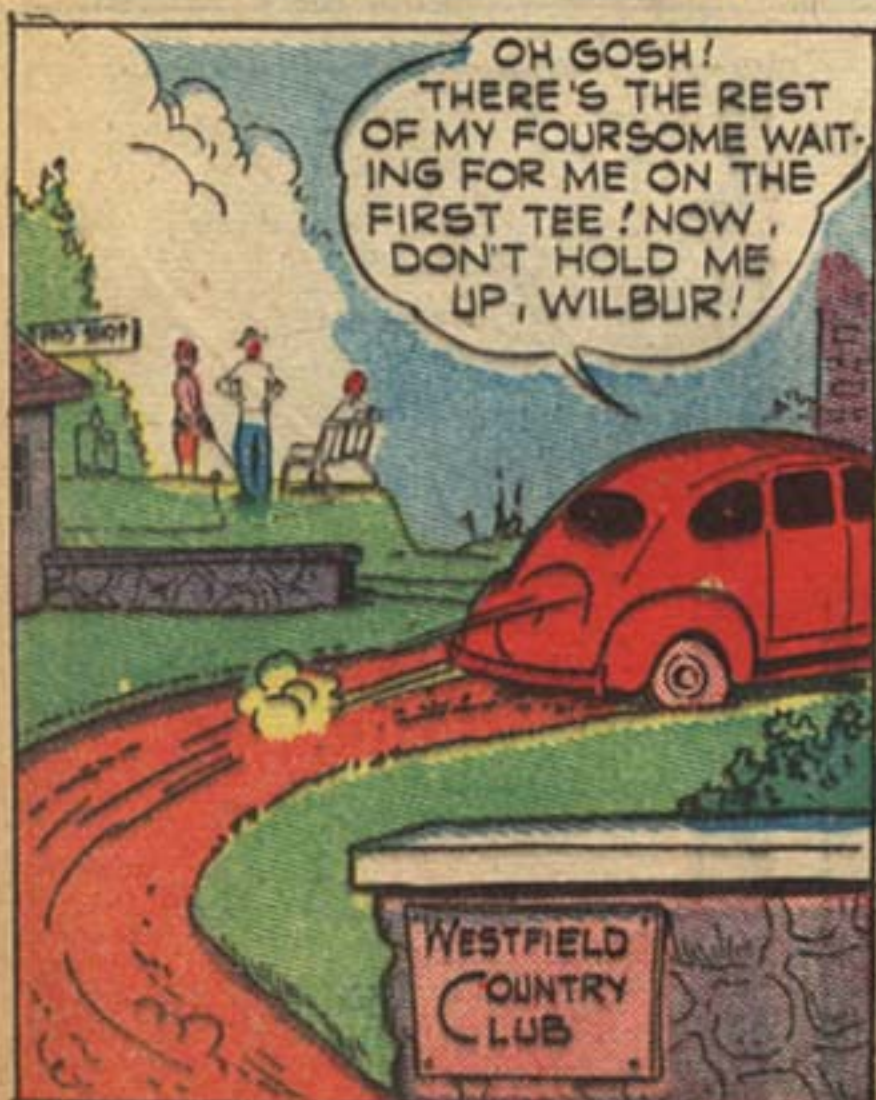
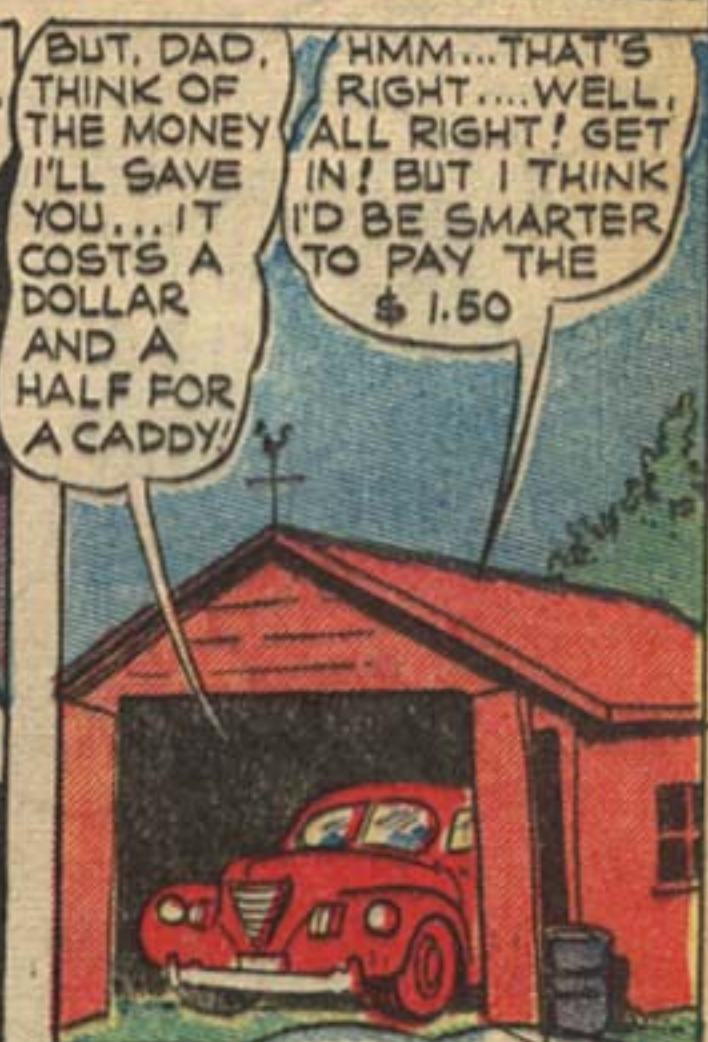
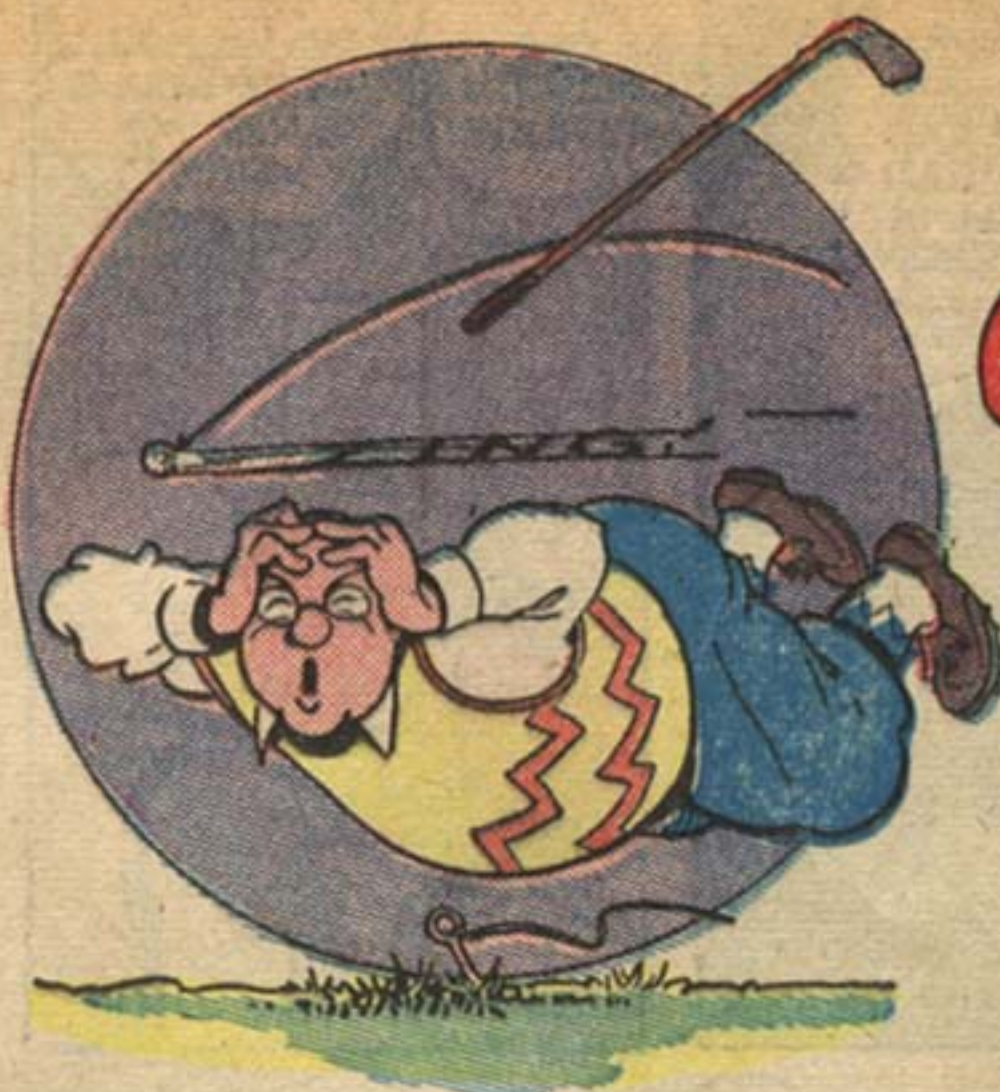
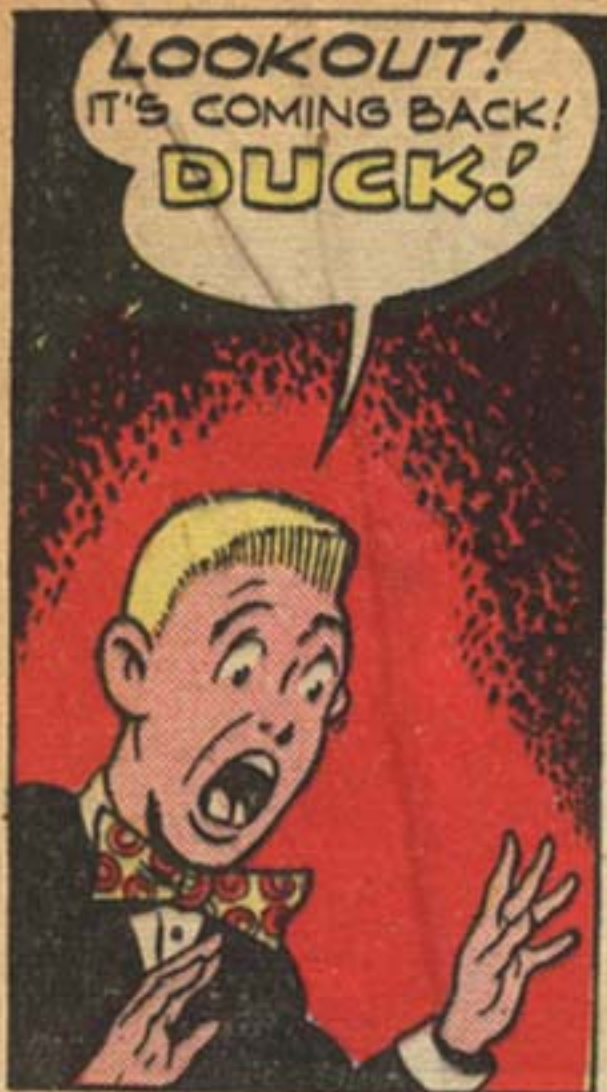
BUT AN ELASTIC BAND WILL STRETCH JUST SO - O-O-O FAR AND THEN....



GOLF MADE EASY!

BE A PRO! IN 10 EASY LESSONS

GOLF





WILBUR!
GIVE ME A BALL!
WILBUR, WHERE ARE YOU?

HE'S OUT THERE ON THE FAIRWAY WITH THE OTHER CADDIES! YOU CAN BUY A BALL IN THE PRO SHOP!



THAT'LL BE ONE DOLLAR, MR. WILKIN!

ULP! DID WILBUR SAY HE WOULD SAVE ME MONEY?



WOW! WHAT A HOOK! GOODBYE BALL, RIGHT IN THE WOODS!



HAVE TO GET ANOTHER BALL, DARN IT!



A SLICE!

NO USE LOOKING FOR THAT ONE! RIGHT IN THE WOODS ON THE OTHER SIDE!



HMMMM! GIVE ME ANOTHER BALL, PRO!



UGH! THAT OUGHT TO GET OUT TO WILBUR!



WHERE'D IT GO?

THAT'S \$1.00 FOR THE BALL AND \$4.00 FOR THE WINDOW!



HEY! YOU'RE SELLING ME THE SAME BALL I KNOCKED IN HERE?



Finally

SEE, DAD, I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET OFF THE FIRST TEE!

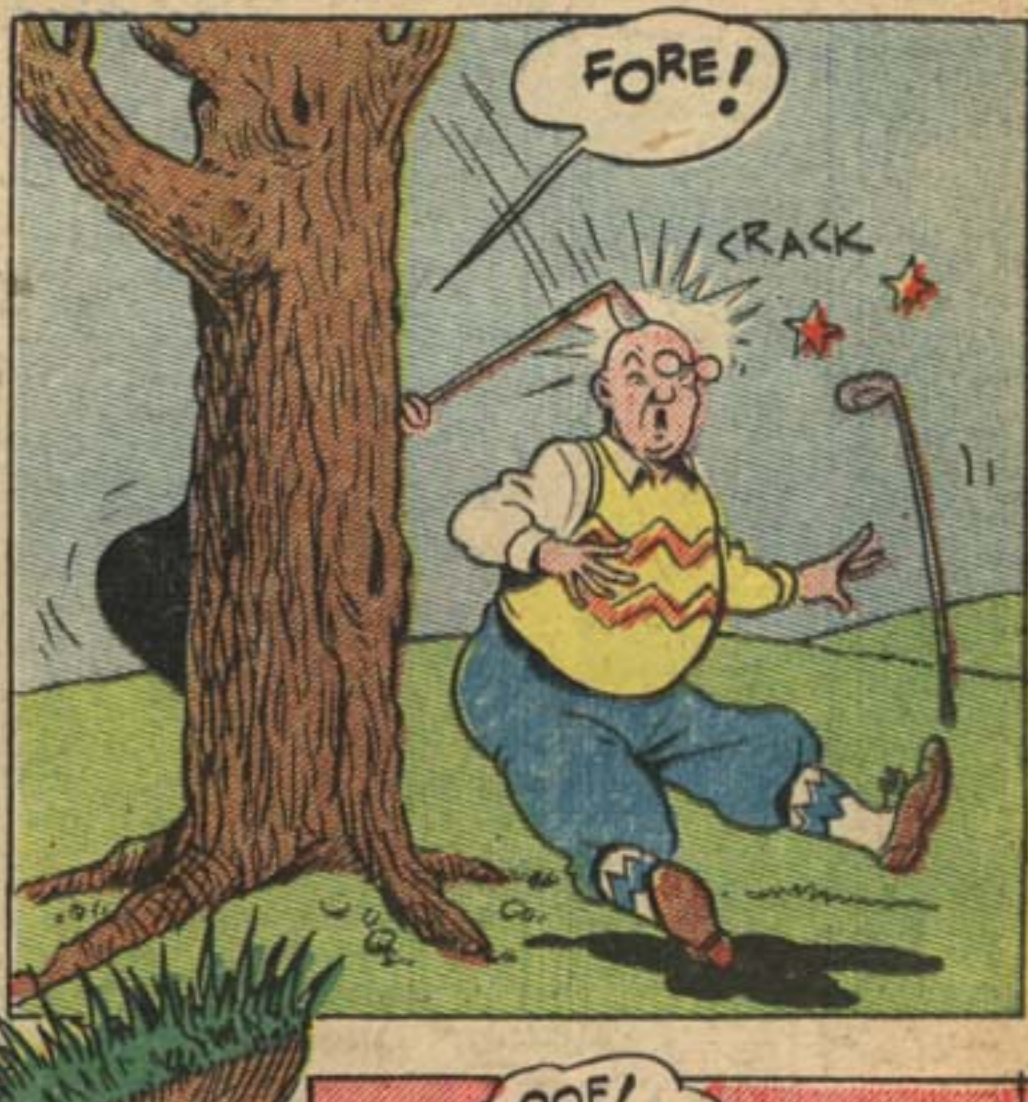
DO YOU REALIZE YOU HAD ALL THE BALLS OUT HERE?



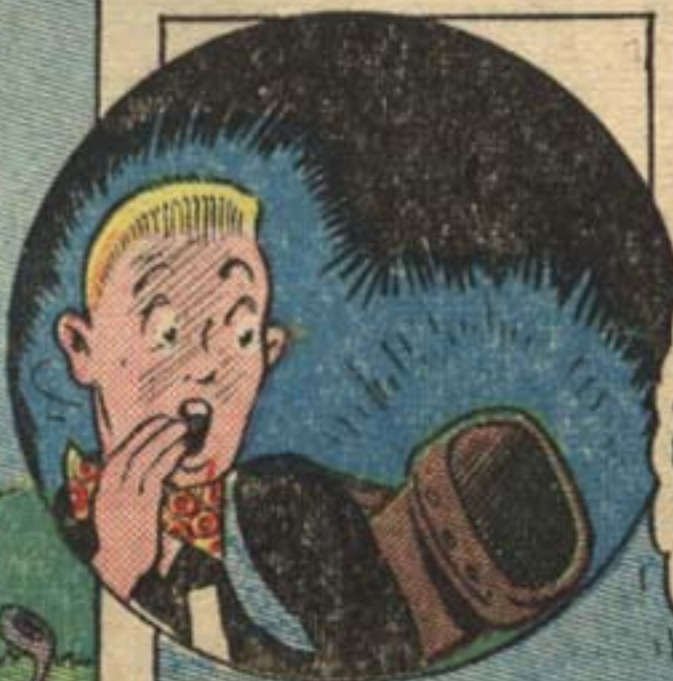
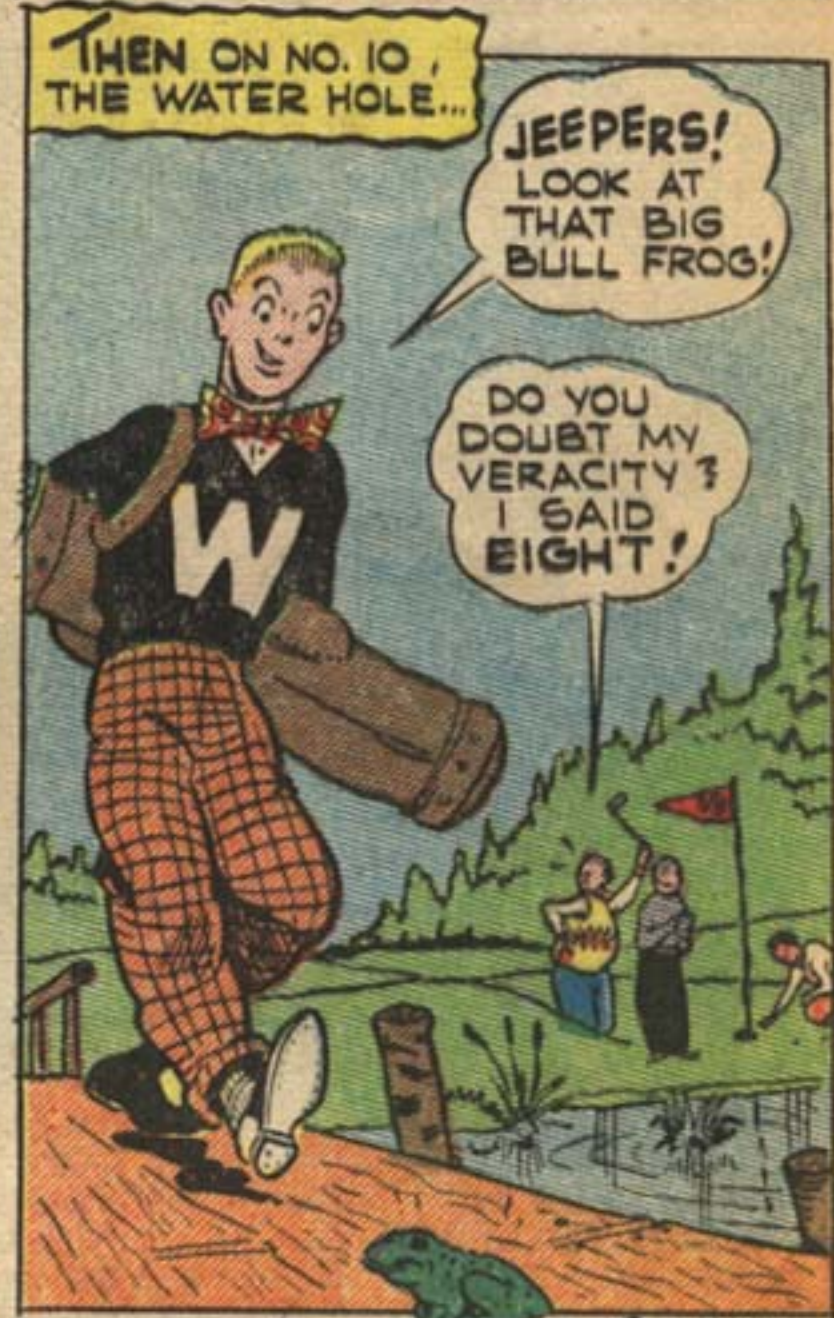
WILBUR, YOU GO AHEAD DOWN TO THE GREEN.. YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS HERE!



I HIT IT!



REMEMBER IT TAKES 5 YRS. TO REGROW SOD REPLACE THE TURF!





WELL, GEE WHIZ, DAD! YOU STILL HAVE YOUR PUTTER!



THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

WHO EVER HEARD OF TEEING OFF WITH A PUTTER? (SPUTTER SPUTTER)



BOY! WHAT A BEAUTY!

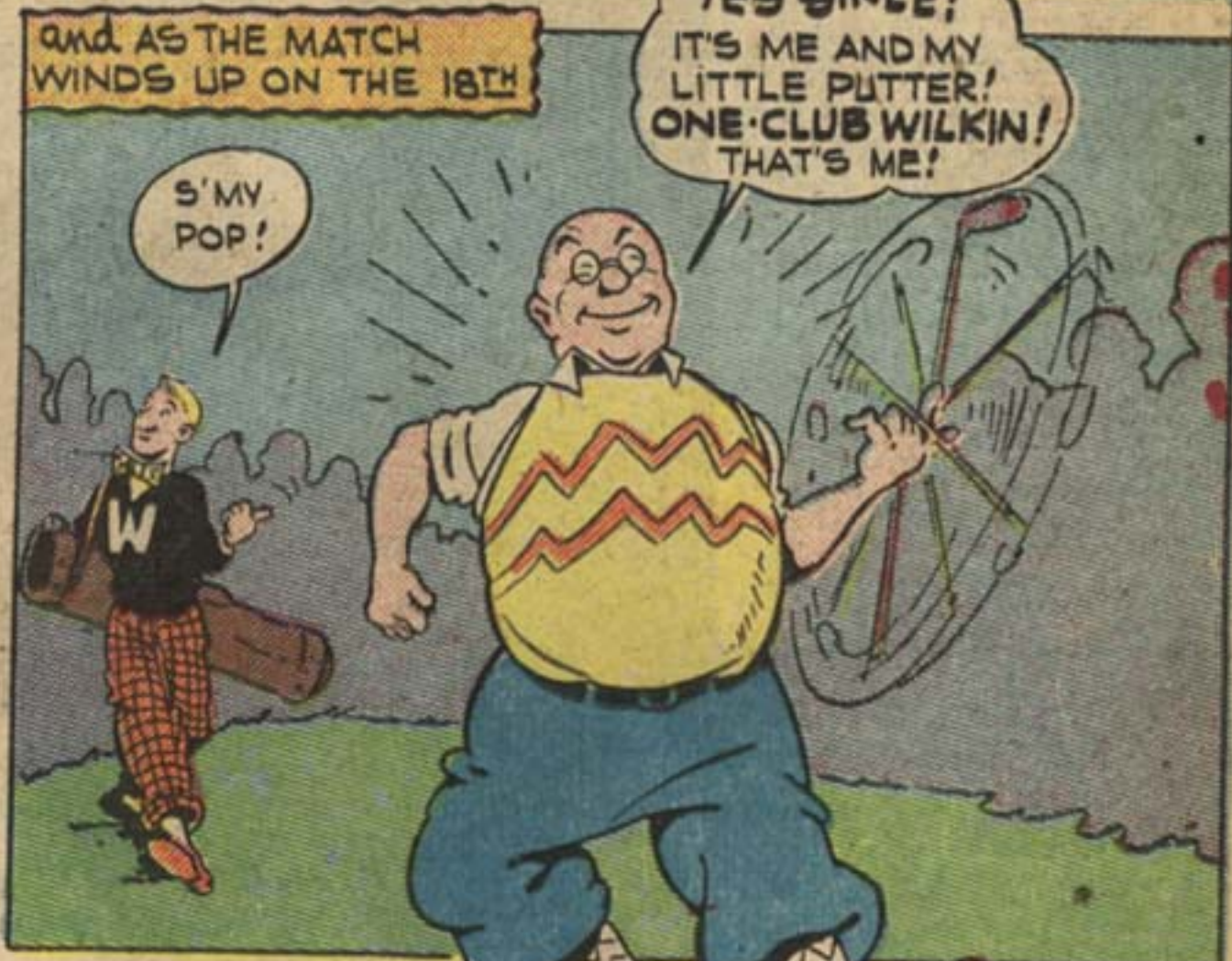
DEAD FOR THE PIN!

PERFECT DRIVE, MR. WILKIN! PERFECT!



later

I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT. HE'S BEEN USING A PUTTER ALL THE WAY FROM THE TENTH HOLE... AND HE'S GOT PAR THREE TIMES, TWO BIRDIES AND ONE EAGLE... HE'S LOW MAN ALREADY!



AND AS THE MATCH WINDS UP ON THE 18TH

S'MY POP!

YES SIREE! IT'S ME AND MY LITTLE PUTTER! ONE CLUB WILKIN! THAT'S ME!



HOT DOG! I'LL NEVER USE ANOTHER CLUB IN MY LIFE!

HURRAY! WILKIN WINS!



GOLLY, DAD - JUST USING ONE CLUB YOU WON'T EVEN NEED A CADDIE!

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A CUP THEY'LL GIVE ME!

AND AS THE NEW CLUB CHAMP I PRESENT YOU WITH THIS NEW SET OF MATCHED CLUBS!

OOOH! CLUBS!

A CRISIS IS AT HAND FOR THE TEACHERS OF WEST-FIELD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS... VACATION'S OVER AND WILBUR RETURNS TO SCHOOL...

The BLACK WITCH

SPEAK OF A HOT, DANK MOIST EARTH CHOKING BENEATH THE ENTWINING ARMS OF GIANT GREEN CREEPERS AND TWISTED TREES... AND YOU SPEAK OF THE JUNGLE! THE WILD SECRETS OF THE FANTASTIC TROPICS ARE NOT FOR THE PROBING OF WHITE MEN'S EYES! YET ONE MAN DARED INVADE ITS DEATHLY SILENCES! LISTEN TO THE CACKLING WORDS OF **SAL BLACK WITCH** AS SHE TELLS THE AWESOME TALE OF THE MAN WHO DARED TO TAME THE KING GORILLA!

HEH, HEH, HEH. A HUMAN SKULL, MY FAVORITE TRINKET... REMINDS ME OF MY FAVORITE STORY... DRAW UP A CHAIR, MY DEARS! NOT LONG AGO..



...TWO HUNTERS, JACK PRICE, AND OTTO FREMING, WERE PASSING A NEW YORK THEATRE....

SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO THE ANIMALS WE CAPTURE! HMM

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT, OTTO! A MONKEY WHO SMOKES CIGARS!



I BET THAT MONKEY EARNS THOUSANDS FOR ITS OWNER!... THAT'S THE WAY TO BECOME RICH, JACK!

IT'S HORRIBLE! ANIMALS ARE MEANT FOR THEIR OWN KIND OF LIFE... NOT TO BE TAUGHT TO DO TRICKS!

YOU'RE A FOOL, JACK! YOU'LL LIVE POOR AND DIE POOR. ON OUR NEXT TRIP INTO THE JUNGLE I'M GOING TO CAPTURE A GORILLA AND TRAIN IT! THAT BEAST WILL MAKE PLENTY OF MONEY FOR ME!

WEEKS LATER, AS THE HUNTERS PADDLE DOWN THE WINDING RIVER, JACK IS STILL TRYING TO PERSUADE OTTO TO ABANDON HIS PROJECT



SAVE YOUR BREATH, JACK, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. AHH, HERE'S WHERE WE LAND!

ACROSS THE BLISTERING COUNTRY, THE TWO HUNTERS MAKE THEIR LABORIOUS WAY... UNTIL...

LOOK! TWO OF THEM. I'LL KILL THE FEMALE AND WE'LL CAPTURE THE MATE!



THERE'S THE GORILLA COUNTRY, JACK! WE WON'T MAKE CAMP UNTIL I GET ONE!



BEFORE THE DENIZENS OF THE JUNGLE CAN ESCAPE, OTTO FIRES POINT-BLANK AT THE FEMALE GORILLA'S HEART...





I GOT THIS ONE! TIE UP HER MATE!

WEEKS PASS... AND THE GORILLA LEARNS OBEDIENCE...



SO A GORILLA CAN'T BE TAMED! HA-HA-IF JACK COULD ONLY SEE THIS NOW!

I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE, HA, HA, (HIC) A MILLIONAIRE -THA'SH WHAT! HIC - HIC -

AND THEN ONE DAY THE GORILLA BECOMES SULKY..

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! BRING ME THAT CASE OF WHISKEY!



DAYS LATER AT OTTO'S CAMP...

A TOAST TO YOU, MY DEAR GORILLA! TOGETHER WE WILL REAP A FORTUNE! HA-HA-HA-



HERE'S THE END OF ANOTHER BOTTLE!

THAT'S BETTER - NOW BRING IT HERE!



BUT SUDDENLY THE GORILLA HEAVES THE ENTIRE CASE AT HIS MASTER'S HEAD...



...WHY YOU!!

FURIOUS AT THE BEASTS REBELLION, OTTO, HIS EYES CRUELLY GLEAMING, REACHES FOR A LASSO...



I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!



I'LL TIE YOU TO THIS TREE... YOU'LL LEARN WHAT OBEDIENCE IS!

THE LASSO SNAKES OUT, CATCHING THE GORILLA ABOUT THE THROAT;

NOW I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS FILTHY BEAST WHERE THEY CAN GET AT HIM!

AAAARGGH!

THE ONE THING THESE APES FEAR ABOVE ALL ARE... CROCODILES!



RRRRRAGGHHH

SCREAM, BLAST YOU, SCREAM YOUR LUNGS OUT!

THE TERROR-STRICKEN GORILLA, GLASSY-EYED WITH FEAR, WATCHES ITS DREAD FOE CREEP CLOSER...



LISTEN TO MY GORILLA SCREAM! HA, HA, HA, QUITE A GAME! KILL THEM JUST BEFORE THEY GET AT MY REBELLIOUS BEAST!

OWOOOOOOOOOOOO



... FINALLY, REDUCED TO A MASS OF WHIMPERING FLESH, THE CRAZED GORILLA WATCHES THE LAST CROCODILE KILLED...



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WELL, WELL, (HIC)... IF IT AIN'T MY OLE PAL, (HIC) JACK PRICE!

SHOULDA DROPPED IN YESHTERDAY (HIC) HAD LOTSA (HIC) FUN WITH MY GORILLA, HA, HA, HA.

OTTO, YOU FOOL, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

I'SH QUITE A SHTORY. (HIC) I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.. SCHMART GORILLA I HAVE ... LEARNS VERY QUICK, HA, HA!

WEEKS AFTER HE HAS HEARD THE STORY, PRICE RETURNS FOR ANOTHER VISIT WITH, OTTO FREMING

HELLO! HELLO! OTTO! OTTO! I'M BACK!





PERHAPS I'M TOO LATE, AND OTTO'S BROKEN CAMP! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

TH-THE GORILLA! WHY - IT'S CRYING! AND HEY!... HEY YOU, WHERE'S OTTO?

HESITANTLY, THE BEAST POINTS TO THE VERY TREE AT THE EDGE OF THE RIVER WHERE HE HAD BEEN TORTURED...



SLOWLY JACK FITS THE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE TOGETHER...

GREAT SCOT! THE GORILLA TIED HIM UP... GORILLAS ARE SO IMITATIVE THAT IT REMEMBERED WHAT OTTO HAD DONE TO HIM - AND PROBABLY SAT WITH THE GUN POINTING TO SHOOT THE CROCODILES - JUST LIKE OTTO HAD!



GOOD LORD!

THERE, BOUND TO THE TREE, PRICE SEES THE GRUESOME REMAINS OF WHAT HAD BEEN OTTO FREMING...



ONLY ONE THING OTTO FORGOT TO TEACH THE GORILLA... AND THAT WAS HOW TO LOAD THIS RIFLE... IT'S EMPTY!



AND HERE IS OTTO FREMING'S SKULL TO PROVE MY PRETTY LITTLE TALE. HEH-HEH-HEH. SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE THERE STILL LIVES A GORILLA - WITH A TRAGEDY ON HIS MIND!

MANUSCRIPTS OF MURDER

A WEB STORY

JUNIUS BLAIR, the noted book collector, lit a cigarette and smiled pleasantly at the paunchy figure of Martin Ross. He had never really liked Ross, but Ross was the biggest bookseller in the business, and Blair had to admit that the Ross Company frequently offered some unusual bargains.

"What can I do for you?" asked Blair. "You're not here to offer me another swell buy like that first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's *Tamerlane*, are you?"

Ross smiled. "No, not this time." The smile remained as he talked, but his lips grew thin. "I just wanted to check what I heard about your taking that *Tamerlane* to be examined by an expert. What's the matter—don't you trust me?"

Blair took the book from the shelves, fondled it lovingly. "Don't be silly, Ross—this is no phony. The expert I'm taking it to is a friend of mine . . . I just want to show off a bit."

Ross' face was florid. "I would consider it a definite insult, nevertheless, to have you check a book I sold you.

Blair, I don't want you to take the book to an expert."

Blair stood up. "I paid \$10,000 for that copy, and it goes where I want it to go." A thought struck him. "You aren't—afraid of a check-up, are you?"

"You talk too much," said Ross calmly. He pulled a gun from his pocket and fired point-blank. Two red-hot metal pellets bit through Blair's heart.

* * *

Leonard Lynn, the actor, waved his hand lazily. "There's no use arguing, Ross," he murmured. "That first folio Shakespeare you sold me goes to the British Museum tonight, whether you like it or not."

The cigar in Ross' mouth had gone out. He pitched it into the wastebasket. "You promised, Lynn," he said. "It was part of our gentleman's agreement when I sold you the folio for only \$75,000 that it would remain in your personal keeping always."

"Too bad," said Lynn. "I bought the folio because I thought it would be good publicity for an actor to collect the works of Shakespeare. Now I think it would be bet-

ter publicity if I present the folio to the British Museum."

"And you won't change your mind?" said Ross, softly.

"No, Ross," said the actor, "I won't change my mind."

"Very well," said Ross. He was a man of habit, and he did it exactly the same. He pulled out his gun, pumped the trigger twice, and watched with calm satisfaction as two bullets slammed into Lynn's heart and sent the actor hurtling to the floor.

* * *

John Raymond, young professor of criminology, handed the volume to Rose, a beautiful girl who was one of his students. "Go easy with that," he cautioned. "That book's been around since 1704."

Rose fingered through the pages gingerly. "I didn't know you were a rare book collector, Professor Raymond," she said.

"I'm not," Raymond said. "This book holds the earliest descriptions of criminal trials in America—trials which took place as far back as 1650—and my interest in criminology was aroused when I saw it. I—" He stopped suddenly and a frown wrinkled his brow.

"Hey, wait a minute! I know quite a bit about old book paper, and—I'll be right back!" He took the book and rushed into his home chemical laboratory.

Five minutes later, he was back. "My tests show that I'm right," he said. "This book, Rose, is a phony!"

Rose stared at him, lips parted.

"I bought it from Martin Ross, the bookseller, for \$5,000," said Raymond. "I think Ross had better be visited by—The Web!"

* * *

Ross was tossing some old account cards into the wastebasket under his desk when the shadow of The Web fell across his face. His eyes dilated and he stared upwards.

"W-who is it?" he said, fright etched over his features.

"I am The Web!" The masked figure reached into the wastebasket and retrieved the account cards. "Account cards for Junius Blair and Leonard Lynn, eh?" he said. "They were both your clients—and now they're both dead!"

Ross had been watching dazedly. Now he stood up and pushed his hand into his jacket. His fat features were pugnacious. "Get out of here!" he ordered. "Get out of here, or I'll call the police!"

The Web laughed, a cold,

humorless laugh. "You, Ross, call the police? You wouldn't call the police, you murderer!"

Ross' eyes slanted, the cold look of death in them. "What did you say?"

"I know your racket, Ross," said The Web. "You manufacture forgeries of rare and valuable books—forgeries so excellent that even experienced collectors can't detect them without chemical paper tests. Blair and Lynn were probably going to have the books you sold them tested by experts . . . and so, deliberately and cold-bloodedly, you murdered them!"

Ross said nothing.

"Pretty good business," continued the masked figure. "You sell a million dollars worth of fake rarities—what if one or two clients find out? You can always kill them."

Ross was staring now, hypnotized, his beady eyes alight.

The Web's lips were grim. "You're wrong, Ross. Like all criminals, you've spun your own web of doom. You're a man of habit, Ross. The Shakespeare folio this card says you sold Lynn—that was probably your earliest forgery . . . and to make it pass the semi-critical eye, you used old paper manufactured way back in Shakespeare's time. The forgery was successful—so,

when you needed old paper for your other forgeries, you used the same stuff. You fool, my friend Professor Raymond was the one who caught onto your racket and sent me here: and he caught on, not because the paper was too new, but because it was too old!"

Ross said, hoarsely, "You can't prove I murdered those guys."

"No, Ross," said The Web, "I can't prove murder—but because of that forged volume in Raymond's possession, I can have you put away for twenty years. Then all your other clients will check their purchases . . . and you'll spend your life in jail."

Ross leaped from his chair, the gun in his hand. Flame belched from its muzzle.

But The Web was too quick. As the gun fired, he was under it—and with a choppy little gesture, he hit Ross' wrist. The gun dropped to the floor. The Web followed this up with two rights to Ross' jaw, and the bookseller was out of the running.

The Web looked at his inert body. "This is as far as I go," he said. "I'll phone the police, and they'll take it from here."

He tipped his fingers to his forehead in an ironic gesture. "Goodbye—murderer," he said.

TIP'S HALL OF FAME



JAPS AHEAD!
ALL HANDS TO
BATTLE STATIONS!
MAN THE
GUNS!

The EPIC of the U.S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD" IN ALL THE HISTORY OF THE SEA - FROM THE DAYS OF WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN TO THE PRESENT DAY... THE SAGA OF THE U.S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD" THAT WAS BOMBED TO HELL, AND BROUGHT OUT OF IT BY THE COURAGE AND YANKEE NERVE OF OUR SAILORS... IS ONE OF THE GREATEST STORIES TO BE TOLD OF THIS WAR! ON THE FATEFUL NIGHT OF JANUARY 24TH IN HEAVY SEAS OF THE MACASSAR STRAITS...

COOPER



CLEAR THE DECKS FOR ACTION!

HOT SHELLS! THIS IS WHERE WE STRAIGHTEN OUT THOSE SLANT-EYES!



FULL STEAM AHEAD! ENGAGE THE ENEMY!



HOURS LATER AT THE JAP G.H.Q.



DAYS PASS... AND SQUADRON AFTER SQUADRON OF JAP BOMBERS SEARCH THE SEAS FOR THEIR QUARRY...



FINALLY ON THE FOURTH OF FEBRUARY...



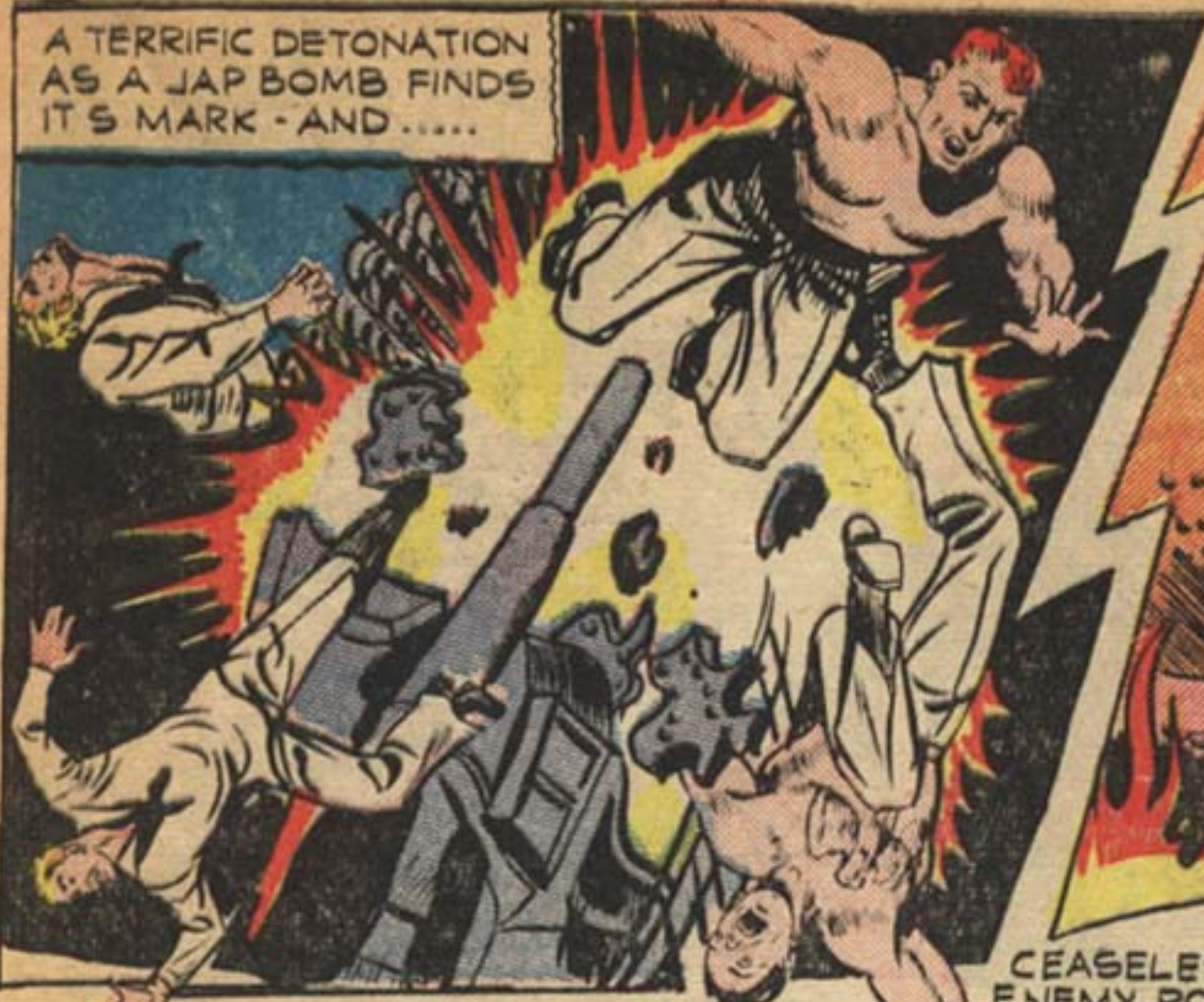
ALL HELL IS GOING TO BREAK LOOSE IN A MINUTE!

DEATH IS FLAMING DOWN FROM THE HEAVENS AS BOMBER AFTER BOMBER LETS LOOSE THE FURY OF THE DAMNED UPON THE GALLANT MARBLEHEAD... HOURS TICK BY. BUT STILL THE HEROIC SHIP, BATTERED AND BLEEDING, WITHSTANDS THE ASSAULT!

KEEP POUNDING AT THEM, MEN! OUR STEERING GEARS GONE - BUT WE'LL STEER BY OUR MOTORS... THEY HAVEN'T GOT US DOWN BY A LONG SHOT!



A TERRIFIC DETONATION AS A JAP BOMB FINDS ITS MARK - AND



INTO THE SEA OF BLAZING OIL... COMMANDER VAN BERGEN DESCENDS TO THE RESCUE...



UP WE GO! EASY DOES IT!



CEASELESSLY, THE ENEMY POUNDS AWAY, BUT THE COURAGEOUS CREW RETURNS SHELL FOR SHELL! SUDDENLY THE GREAT SHIP STAGGERS AND SLOWLY...



MEN, WE'RE SHIPPING WATER BY THE TON THROUGH A SHELLHOLE ON THE PORT-SIDE! WE'D BETTER ABANDON SHIP!

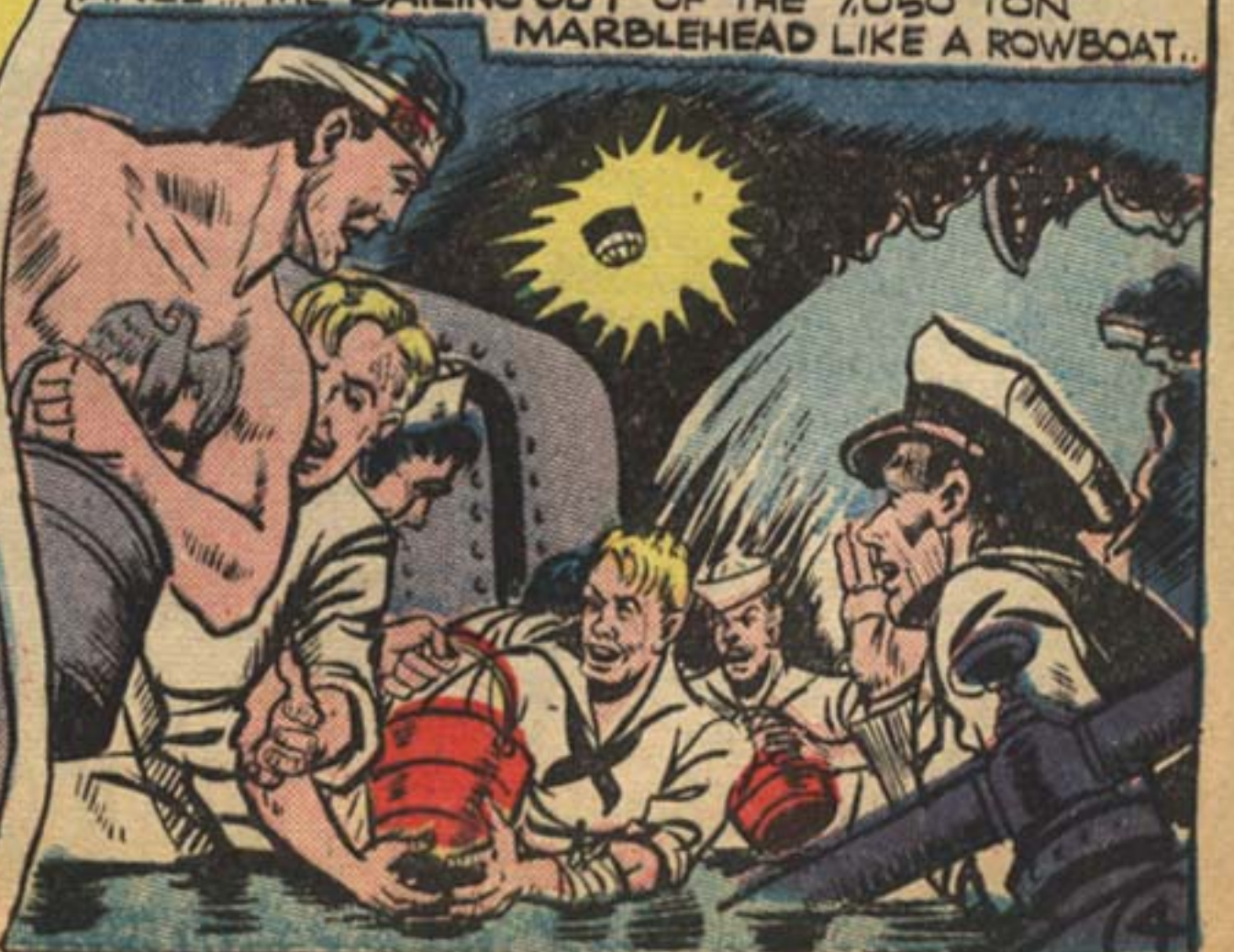


NOT ON YOUR LIFE, SIR! WE'LL PATCH HER UP AND BAIL HER OUT!

I'LL GET A BUCKET BRIGADE STARTED, CAPTAIN! WE CAN'T ABANDON HER NOW!



AND SO BEGAN THE GREATEST FEAT OF ENDURANCE... THE BAILING OUT OF THE 7,050 TON MARBLEHEAD LIKE A ROWBOAT..





TOO BAD THE GALLEY'S SHOT AWAY... SOME HOT COFFEE WOULD GO GOOD!

AS THE WATER-LINE WITHIN THE SHIP DROPS, REPAIR CREWS PLUG UP SHELL HOLES WITH COLLISION MATS.



YOU WANTEE COFFEE, I HEAR SAY?

FOOK LIANG! YOU SON OF A GUN!

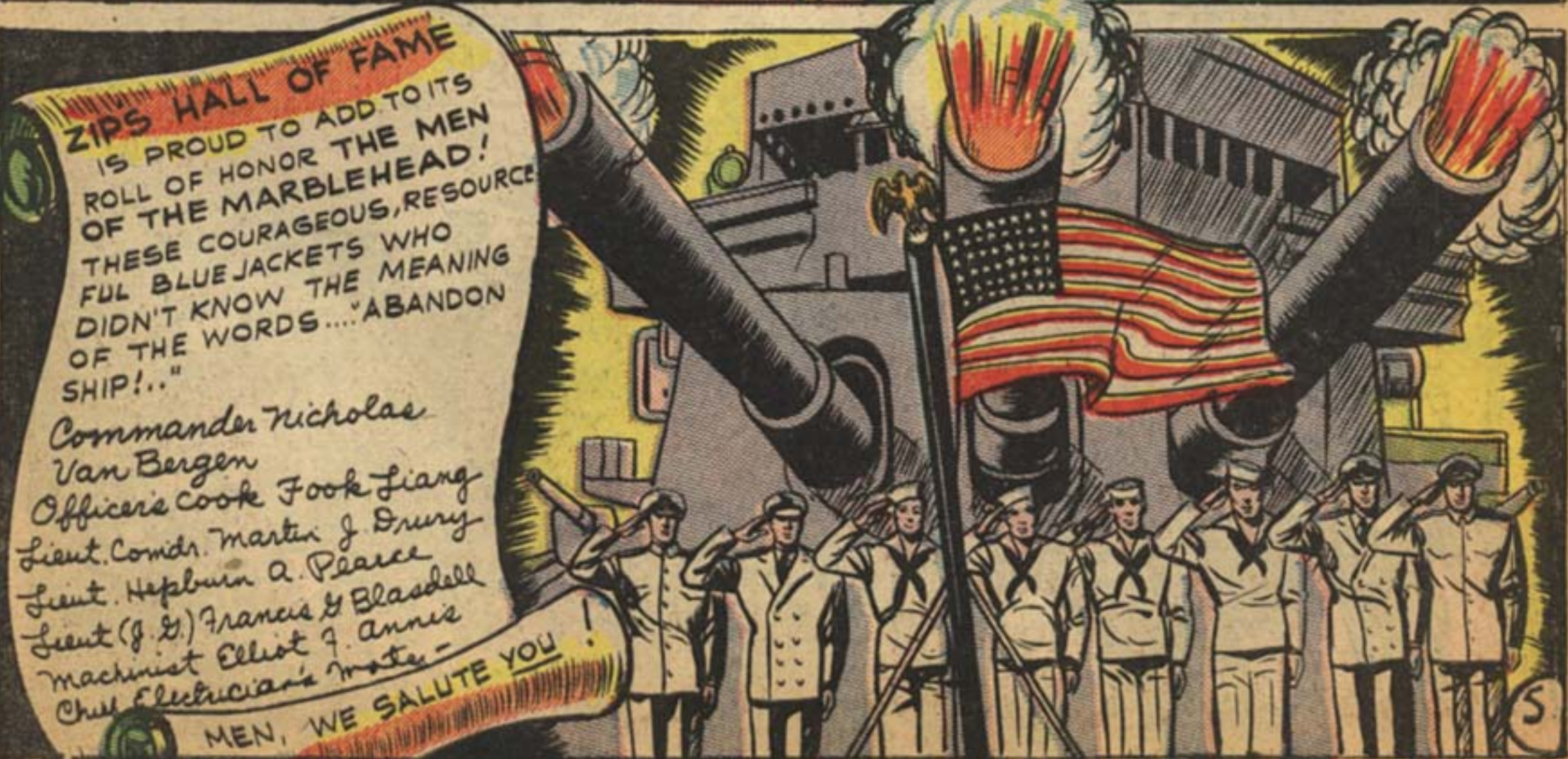


HOWJA DO IT, FOOKY? WHERE DID YOU BREW THIS COFFEE?

GOOD OLD FOOKY! DON'T KNOW HOW HE KEEPS SO NEAT-LOOKING IN BATTLE!



IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO SHOW YOU THE SIXTY GRUELING HOURS THE CREW AND OFFICERS ENDURED TO KEEP THEIR SHIP AFLOAT... THESE HARD-HEADED SEAMEN PERSISTED IN NAVIGATING OVER HALF THE WORLD'S OCEANS UNTIL THEY'D BROUGHT THEIR CRIPPLED SHIP... HOME.

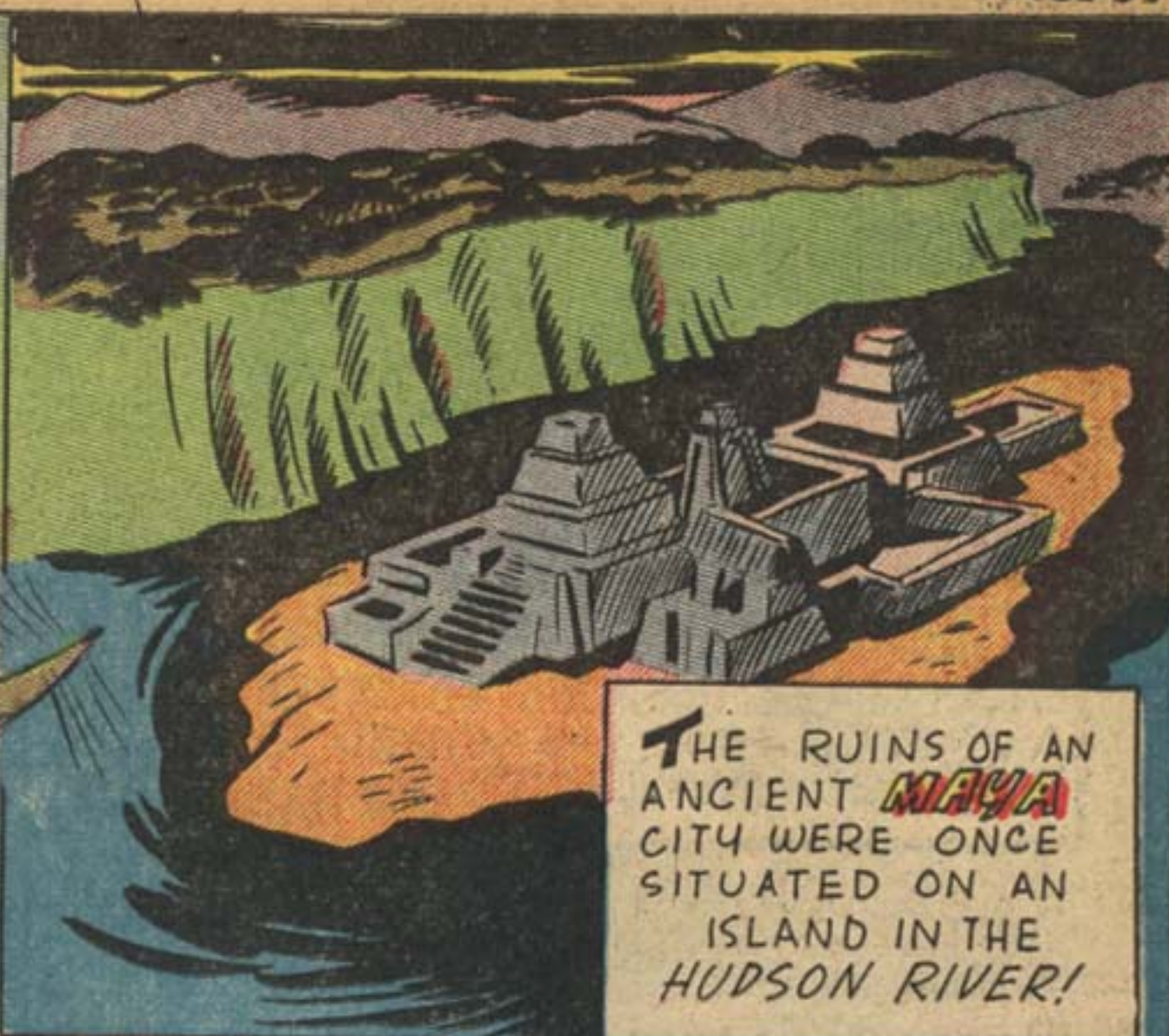


ZIPS HALL OF FAME
IS PROUD TO ADD TO ITS ROLL OF HONOR THE MEN OF THE MARBLEHEAD! THESE COURAGEOUS, RESOURCEFUL BLUEJACKETS WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORDS... "ABANDON SHIP!..."

- Commander Nicholas Van Bergen
- Officers Cook Fook Liang
- Lieut. Comdr. Martin J. Drury
- Lieut. Hepburn A. Pearce
- Lieut. (J.G.) Francis & Blasdell
- Machinist Elliot & Annis
- Chief Electrician's Mate -

MEN, WE SALUTE YOU!

WORLD WONDERS



THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT **MAYA** CITY WERE ONCE SITUATED ON AN ISLAND IN THE HUDSON RIVER!

UNLESS THE SHORTTAILED SHREW CAN EAT ITS OWN WEIGHT IN MEAT EVERY 24 HOURS IT WILL **STARVE.**



THE NEXT TIME YOU EAT A VANILLA FLAVORED ICE CREAM CONE REMEMBER THAT THE VANILLA THAT FLAVORED IT CAME FROM AN **ORCHID!**

MAN KILLERS

GIANT CLAMS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO TRAP PEARL DIVERS BY CLAMPING SHUT ON THEIR HAND UNTIL THEY DROWN,



-Goss

PEP COMICS

IS NEVER SATISFIED!

PEP GAVE YOU THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS. A CHARACTER WHO HAS SOARED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN POPULARITY - *The HANGMAN*

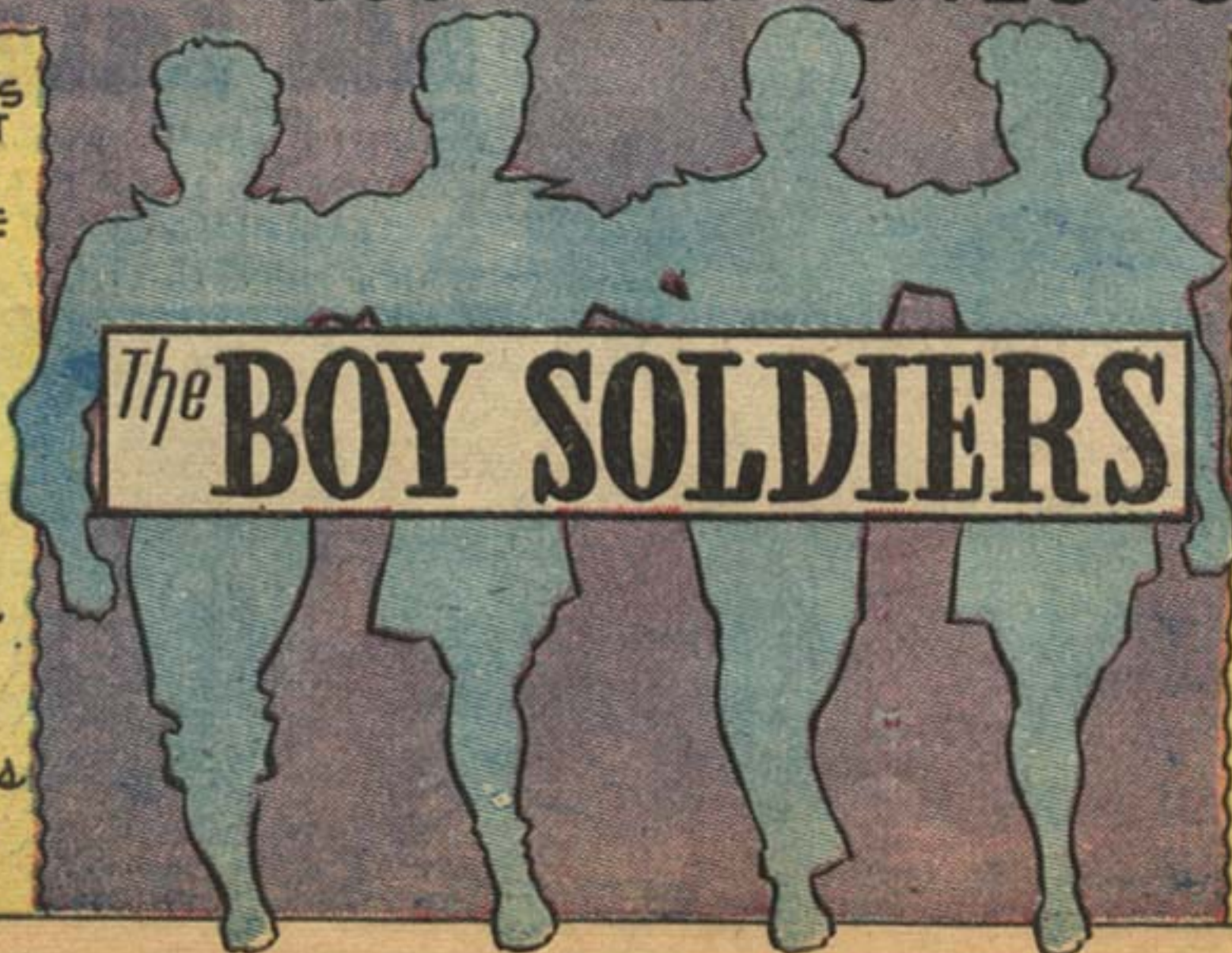
PEP REFUSED TO REST ON ITS LAURELS. IT REFUSED TO STAY IN THE SAME RUT MONTH AFTER MONTH. IT LOOKED FOR SOMETHING FRESH. AND SO IT GAVE YOU - **THE NEW SHIELD**

PEP ALWAYS SENSITIVE TO POPULAR DEMAND. ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GIVE ITS READERS WHAT THEY WANT - AND MORE - REALLY OUTDID ITSELF AND GAVE YOU - **ARCHIE**



AND NOW AUGUST PEP GIVES YOU

WE SAY WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION THAT YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF **PEP** comics! IF YOU BUY IT ONLY TO READ THIS SENSATIONALLY "DIFFERENT" FEATURE!..... **BOY SOLDIERS** APPEARING ONLY IN PEP COMICS DEFIES IMITATION!

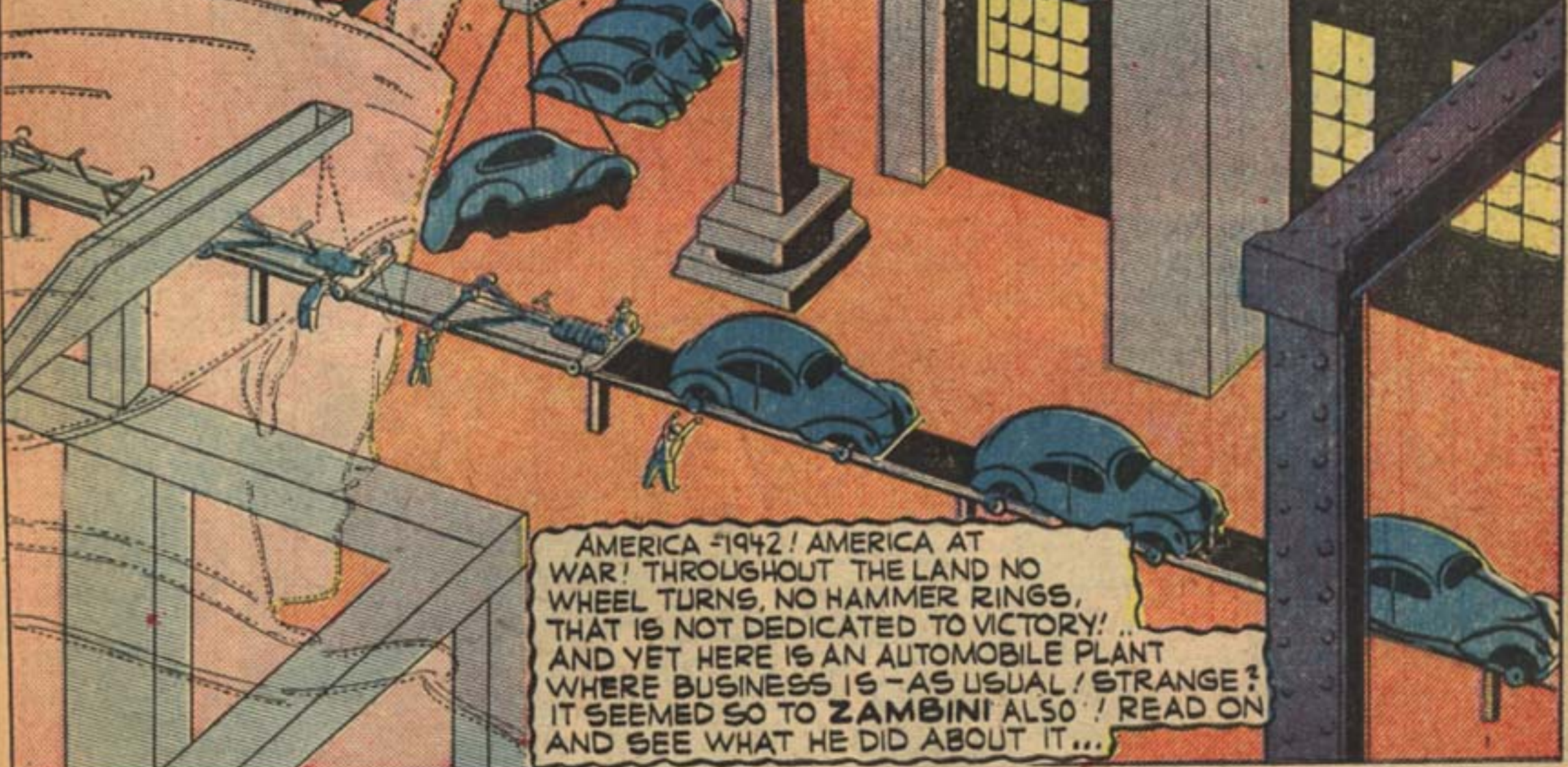


The **BOY SOLDIERS**

- AND, AS FOR THESE OLD STAND-BYS
1. SERGEANT BOYLE
 2. DANNY IN WONDERLAND
 3. BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD

WE DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THEM. YOU HAVE TOLD US BEYOND ANY FURTHER COMMENT IN YOUR THOUSANDS OF LETTERS!

Zambini



AMERICA -1942! AMERICA AT WAR! THROUGHOUT THE LAND NO WHEEL TURNS, NO HAMMER RINGS, THAT IS NOT DEDICATED TO VICTORY! ... AND YET HERE IS AN AUTOMOBILE PLANT WHERE BUSINESS IS -AS USUAL! STRANGE? IT SEEMED SO TO ZAMBINI ALSO! READ ON AND SEE WHAT HE DID ABOUT IT...



POSITIVELY NOT! I TELL YOU I'VE GOT A CONTRACT! THE ARMY WILL HAVE TO WAIT!

BUT IN TIMES LIKE THESE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST DELAY MAY PROVE FATAL!



UNLESS THE ARMY CAN GET THESE EXPERIMENTAL P-104 TANKS INTO PRODUCTION, WE WON'T HAVE THEM IN TIME FOR SERVICE ON THE FRONT! AS AN AMERICAN YOU CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!



AND AS A BUSINESS MAN, I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE AN IMPORTANT CONTRACT! GOOD-BAY, GENTLEMEN!



DISGRUNTLED, THE TWO ARMY OFFICERS LEAVE... THEN ONE OF THEM SEES AN OLD FRIEND...

ZAMBINI! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!

YOU HELPED ME OUT NOT LONG AGO! I WONDER IF YOU'D DO THE SAME THING FOR ANOTHER FELLOW WHO HAS A COUPLE OF MISTAKEN IDEAS! YOU'D BE DOING THE ARMY A SERVICE TOO!



SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME THE STORY!

LATER ZAMBINI APPROACHES THE FACTORY AND.....



GET OUTTA HERE, YOU FURRING SPY! IT'S NO TURBANED TURK LIKE YERSELF CAN SNEAK BY MICHAEL O'RILEY. THIS GATE IS FOR EMPLOYEES ONLY!

ZAMBINI EMPLOYS A LITTLE MAGIC...



SURELY, MR. O'RILEY, YOU'D NOT KEEP US ALL OUT!

NONE OF YE GETS IN THROUGH THIS GATE!

TOO BAD I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN I'M AS MUCH AN AMERICAN AS HE IS. THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE!



THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD HAVE SWORN SOMEBODY JUST WENT IN THROUGH THAT DOOR!



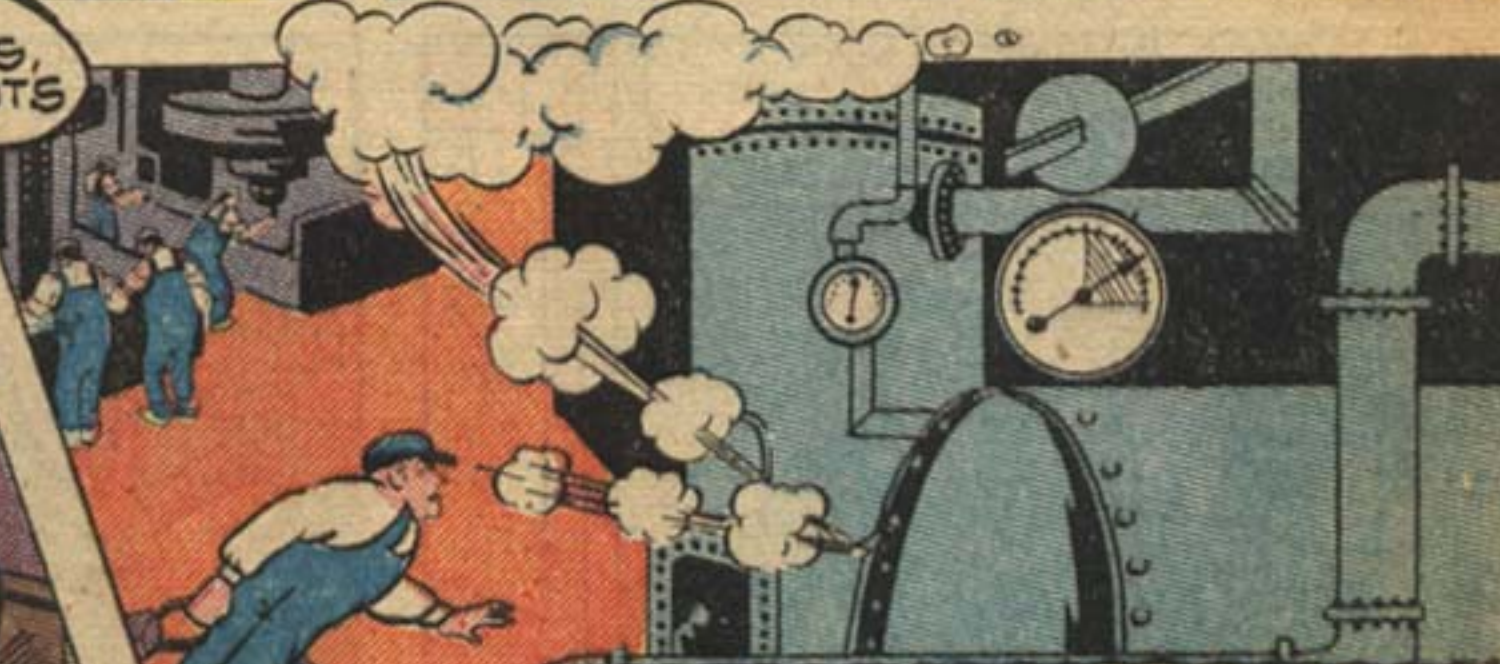
INSIDE THE OFFICE JAMES WRIGHT, MANUFACTURER, GEEES ZAMBINI MATERIALIZE BEFORE HIS EYES.

WHY, I... YOU WEREN'T STANDING THERE A MINUTE AGO... WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING YOU CAN DO TO HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

YOU TOO? WHAT IS THIS, ALL-PATRIOTS DAY?



JUST THEN, IN THE HUGE FACTORY BELOW, A WORKMAN RACES FRANTICALLY TOWARD A HISSING BOILER...



THE LEVER'S BROKEN!
IT'S GOING TO BLOW
SKY-HIGH IN A
MINUTE!



COME ON!
GET OUT OF
HERE!



WITH AN EAR-
SPLITTING ROAR,
THE BOILER
EXPLODES



UPSTAIRS. JAMES WRIGHT
IS FLUNG VIOLENTLY
AGAINST THE DESK..



IN A LITTLE
WHILE HE
AWAKENS!

WONDER
WHERE THAT
TURBANED FELLOW
WENT?.. WELL, I'LL
HAVE TO GET BACK
TO WORK!



THIS JUST
CAME IN THE
AFTERNOON MAIL,
MR. WRIGHT!

HMM... I'VE
BEEN EXPECTING
IT!



You are hereby
ordered to report
to your draft
board for
your physical
examination.
Yours truly
B. Allison
DRAFT BOARD
No. 7



I THINK I'D BE
MORE VALUABLE
HERE AT HOME!
MY BUSINESS
CAN'T GET ALONG
WITHOUT ME!



SORRY, MR.
WRIGHT. YOU
HAVE JUST TEN
DAYS TO ARRANGE
YOUR PERSONAL AFFAIRS
AND REPORT FOR SERVICE!



WE'RE CUT OFF! THEY'RE ALL AROUND US!

DON'T WORRY! OUR BOYS WILL GET THROUGH!

THE SCENE SHIFTS - IT IS ONE YEAR LATER IN A TRENCH ON A BATTLE-TORN FRONT



H.Q. REGRETS TO SAY THEY CAN'T ATTEMPT A RELIEF EXPEDITION! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT ALONE!



WE CAN'T HOLD OUT HERE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! ATTACK!



UP AND OVER THE VALIANT DOUGHBOYS GO IN A FINAL ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE DEADLY RING...



THROUGH SHOT AND FLAMING SHELL THEY DRIVE ON.. HEROES FALL UNDER THE BLAZING ENEMY GUNS...



A FEW SURVIVORS BREAK THE OPPOSING LINES! THEN A PITILESS HAIL OF FIRE SWEEPS DOWN ON THEM FROM THE FLANK...



I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE!



WE'LL BE SAFE HERE FOR A LITTLE WHILE! LOOKS LIKE OUR ATTACK FAILED...IT WAS HOPELESS FROM THE BEGINNING!



SAVE YOURSELF! I'M DONE FOR!

WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS SOME HOW! DON'T LOSE HOPE!



IT WAS TANKS WE NEEDED. IF WE'D HAD A DOZEN OF THOSE P.104'S WE'D HAVE ROLLED OVER THEM LIKE...I...AHH..



HE'S DEAD!



AMONG THE BODIES OF HIS COMRADES JAMES WRIGHT GROPE'S BACK TO HIS OWN LINES...



THERE TO FIND...

DEAD! ALL OF THEM...I..I.. MUST BE THE LAST ONE LEFT ALIVE!



I KILLED THEM! IF IT WASN'T FOR ME THEY'D HAVE HAD THOSE TANKS! THEY'D BE ALIVE!



JUST THEN A HEAVY DEMOLITION BOMB LANDS...

GOD FORGIVE ME...I... ARGH! I'M FINISHED!



...FINISHED!
WHAT...WHERE
AM I? I MUST
BE GOING
INSANE!



THE PHONE RINGS...DAZED, JAMES WRIGHT LIFTS
THE RECEIVER...

THEN IT IS REAL! I'M HERE
IN MY OFFICE! NOTHING
HAS CHANGED!

HELLO, THIS IS
JAMES WRIGHT
SPEAKING!



YOU'VE GOT THE BOILER FIXED! GOOD!
I'M GLAD NO ONE WAS HURT...STAND BY
FOR FURTHER ORDERS...THERE'S GOING
TO BE SOME CHANGES MADE!



WE'RE GOING TO
MAKE TANKS!
HUNDREDS
OF THEM!

NO AMERICAN
WILL EVER DIE
BECAUSE HE
LACKED THE
EQUIPMENT
TO SAVE HIM!



FIND THOSE
OFFICERS AND
SEND THEM BACK
HERE!

WE'LL SHOW THOSE
NAZIS AND JAPS
WHERE TO GET
OFF!



PARDON ME! I'M GOING NOW! AND
I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BE HOLD-
ING MY FRIENDS AT THIS GATE
ALL DAY!

NO THANKS TO ME,
GENTLEMEN, MAGIC
CAN'T MAKE AN
AMERICAN OUT OF
A TRAITOR! JAMES
WRIGHT MERELY
NEEDED TO BE
SHOWN THE TRUTH
IN ORDER TO
PROVE HIS
REAL WORTH!

THANKS TO YOU, ZAMBINI,
THE ARMY IS GOING TO GET ITS
QUOTA OF P-104 TANKS....
WE'VE JUST TALKED TO
JAMES WRIGHT!





AVIATION UTILITY



AVIATION METALSMITH



AEROGRAPHER



RIGID AIRSHIP SERVICE



GUY CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



SKAFFENTILE



PRINTER



ELECTRICIAN'S MATE



PAINTER
CARPENTER'S MATE
PATTERNMAKER



COOK
BAKER



BUTLER



PHOTOGRAPHER



BOMB SIGHT



NAVY 'E' EFFICIENCY
IN GUNNERY



MACHINIST'S MATE
WATER TENDER
BOILERMAKER



SHIPFITTER
HOLDUP
METALSMITH

Special to the readers of this magazine

A PORTRAIT PICTURE OF

GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

To the readers of this magazine we are giving a copy of a portrait picture drawn by a famous American artist of America's number one hero in the Battle of the Pacific. This picture of General MacArthur is 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and is most suitable for framing. This picture can be obtained by reading the instructions below.

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COMMANDER



CAPTAIN



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ADMIRAL



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QUARTERMASTER



MASTER DIVER



EXPERT RIFLEMAN



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